SALON

OF

1893

PARIS

GOUPIL & C°

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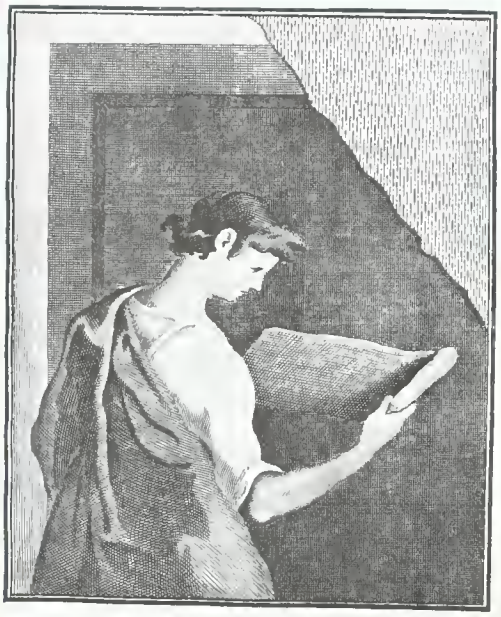

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SALON OF 1893

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With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

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N° 30

GASTON JOLLIVET

GOUPIL'S

PARIS SALON 1893

One Hundred Plates—Photogravures and Etchings

AND ONE WATER COLOR FAC-SIMILE

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

BOUSSOD, VALADON & C°

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J.-J. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

PORTRAIT OF LADY HELEN VINCENT

(DECORATIVE PANEL)

THE SALON

PAINTING

I

NNE, Sister Anne, do you see nothing coming?"

"I only see a Harpignies, all green trees, a crowd who push and squeeze, and the restaurants of the Champs-Élysées, where they feed at their ease."

This echo, with a difference, of the dialogue in *Blue-Beard*, gives a very exact notion of "varnishing day" at the exhibition in the Palais de l'Industrie, any time these twenty years.

And even the creation of a secessionist Salon at the Champ de Mars has brought about no perceptible change in the aspect

of affairs at the Champs-Élysées. You may remember the speech ascribed to Gambetta, when he was told that the army of the Loire was cut in two. "So much the better," said he philosophically. "Then we shall have two armies." Just so, in these days, we now have two Salons. And the public has taken things as calmly as Gambetta. It whisks to and fro between the Champs-Élysées and the Champ de Mars with a conscientiousness which sometimes has its reward, as we hope to show in the course of our discussion on the works exhibited this summer in both places.

My readers will not expect me to give them a history of how the juries sat and decided; still less an inquiry into the motives for acceptance or refusals. All this little seething hubbub, not very interesting even to artists, would simply disgust the outside public. All I desire to point out is that the jury this year—like that indeed of last year—understood that it would be foolish to exhaust the patience of the visitors by displaying too large a number of works. For this we are truly thankful! Two years ago, a professor of statistics amused himself by calculating the number of miles on the map of France which might be covered by the pictures then exhibited at the Champs-Élysées, if they were laid out in a line, end to end. He estimated that they would have paved a way from Paris to Étampes. This year they would, at any rate, end at Versailles. Long live the jury!

Yes, indeed, long live the jury! It is not the public alone that benefits by their just and reasonable severity; they also do good service to the daubers who send in their squares of soiled canvas. The famous speech of M. Poirier: "Encourage art and discourage artists," is ridiculous if taken literally; but if for "artists" you read "exhibitors," which, alas, is not always the same thing, the worthy Poirier is perfectly right.

Out of sheer humanity, it is often a good thing to discourage exhibitors and, if necessary, even to persuade them to take up any business rather than painting. A miserable bungler who might

BROTHERS IN ARM.

die of hunger, or little short of it, would perhaps, if spurred to exertion in another line, develop faculties advantageous to himself and his family.

I well remember, many years ago, when I was chief secretary to the Minister of Fine Arts, having a visit from a young man with excellent credentials, who called himself a painter, and who had brought to the office a small church picture, as a specimen

of what he called "his style." This painting, which he left behind him, was for several days a great amusement, not merely to the employés in the office, but to such artists as had business there. It was grotesque beyond description. The head of affairs there at the time, the lamented M. Weiss, could no more keep his countenance before this extraordinary production than the rest of us; but as he was the kindest soul in the world, he took pity on the painter,

and when the young man came into his private room to learn his fate, he spoke to him as a father. After explaining to him that the "style" of his work was inadmissible, because it betrayed a too obvious lack of artistic experience, he hinted that the career of art was overcrowded, and then by degrees led him to speak of his family. "Is your father an artist?" he inquired kindly.

"No, he is a hosier at Troyes."

"Would he object to your following the same business?"

"By no means. Indeed, he blames me for wishing to be an artist."

"Well, then, consider the matter for six months—for a year. And you will see that your father is right."

The young "artist" was a man of sense and took the counsel to heart. I met him again a few years since. He is at the present time at the head of a large hosiery business, giving employment to a great number of hands. He smiles at his old delusion, and I fancy that he is obliged to me for having contributed to restore him to the family looms and spindles.

Yea, verily, so far as in us lies, we will never hesitate to discourage bad artists; and that for three reasons: First, as I have said, for their own interest; next, of course, in the interest of the public; and finally in the interest of those true artists whose place they sometimes usurp, if not in the rooms of dealers—who for the most part know better—at any rate in our exhibition galleries where favor has a word to say to the choice and hanging of pictures.

* * *

Still, though the juries of selection have happily succeeded in reducing the number of works exhibited, they have not been able so effectually to weed the visitors invited to the "varnishing," which is also the "Private View." This host increases year by year in an appalling manner. It flows in from all parts. Next year, you will see, the line will only end at the Quai de la Concorde, and there will be a police force to regulate it, exactly as though the artists' peaceful

First of May were identical with the threatening First of May kept by the working men's *Internationale*.

The causes of this amazing crush, which a painter friend of mine calls "acute *salonitis*," you of course know; they are, indeed, self-evident.

For some time they lay partly in the practical economy of the frugal soul that loves amusement when it is to be had for nothing. The Parisian especially has always had a passion for pleasure gratis. He does not reflect that "varnishing day" costs him a day's work, a cab very often to go and return, and always a meal and a catalogue. The essential saving in his eyes was that of a franc at the turnstile, and he was a happy man for the rest of the day. This year the cost of admission to the "varnishing" being five francs, the Parisian in search of such first-fruits of pleasure did not take so much trouble; he contrived to get into the Salon the day before the Private View.

Thus he did still taste his first-fruits; and these early growths are the only treat possible to such subtle *gourmets* as we have become—so this is the second and principal cause of *salonitis*. Look at the dress-rehearsals at the Opera House or the Comédie-Française. For some years now they collect as full an audience as the first-nights, and a more brilliant one. This year, indeed, even at the minor rehearsals before the dress-rehearsal, the theater was three-parts filled. This is progress: before long it will cease to be "the thing" to go to a dress-rehearsal. It is the same with the "varnishing;" we may look forward to its being "the latest thing," before the close of the century, to be present at the first stroke of the brush on a canvas intended to produce a sensation at the Salon. This will be the climax of "previousness."

Meanwhile, by whatever name we designate the opening day of our picture shows at the Champs-Élysées, silver and gold pieces will be swallowed up in the tills of the various restaurants that flourish in those latitudes. For to every visitor, artist or amateur, a varnishing day without the interruption of a lively and noisy luncheon

would be a dismal failure—a falling-off from time-honored traditions.

These open-air luncheons must on that day be counted by thousands. The provisions which the various establishments are forced to lay in to fill these myriad mouths can only be imagined. There is indeed a legend, not untinctured with the picturesque, concerning this matter. The story goes that in a romantic spot in the very heart of a mountainous district of France, one of the great Paris restaurants has a vast reservoir, or stew, filled with salmon-trout. Hard by this pool and close at hand lies a vast lake of green sauce. Night and day the pool is being incessantly emptied. A neighboring glacier supplies the ice which ensures to the salmon-trout a safe transit to Paris, and at the same time siphon-pumps, erected on the shore of the lake, fill thousands of cans on the spot with gallons of green sauce, which in the same way are sent off to the restaurant and their ultimate destination. A new chapter, you see, to be added to the already voluminous documents on the *Ventre de Paris*.

Now, which pictures will have been most discussed this year at the various luncheon tables? On this subject I must beg to be excused from all eavesdropping or interviewing. It would be presumption on my part, even under the shelter of other opinions, to anticipate the jury in their awards of medals and honorable mention. All I can tell you without compromising myself is, that the present Salon is not inferior to its predecessors during the last twenty years. It is enough to say that it would be easy to pick out a considerable number of pictures that are an honor to contemporary art, and that would make a good figure in our public galleries and private collections.

Of course I shall here speak only of these choicer few; my space is necessarily limited, and besides, I have just made my profession of faith. It inevitably implies that I am bound to silence if I really mean to discourage those painters who, without sufficient reason, have tried to escape the trammels of hosiery.

This being clear, I will begin with no attempt at classification or alphabetical order, but rather as my memory serves me, as would

happen at a party or in the club smoking-room, where the names of the exhibitors come up by chance. As good a plan as any other after all. Why not write about the Salon as one would talk in a *salon*?

* * *

You may be quite sure that in fashionable circles—since there we are—opinions would be given in favor of "A Meeting" by M. Goubie. Here indeed we have the work of an artist who knows the world, with its utmost exquisiteness and refinement. His two ladies and a gentleman are mounted on horses that would readily fetch from five to six thousand francs apiece at Chéri's. This is refreshing, after some equestrian studies of "high life," where the horses look as if they were leaving the studio for the knacker's yard. The riders sit their horses well too, and with all the style that could be wished. The Prince de Sagan may pass this way; he will find nothing to criticise in "A Meeting."

We find the same good qualities in "After the Hunt" by Tavernier. A huntsman is giving his horse a drink in a pool, where the dogs have also come to quench their thirst after the run and the death. All the good beasts are so evidently relishing the draught that it cannot be Seine water that they are swallowing. The Prince de Sagan, again, or the Duc de Gramont would have no fault to find with "After the Hunt."

Do you know that there is no sillier proverb than "as stupid as a goose?" I myself remember having seen at Molier's circus some learned geese which made all the spectators cackle—with delight. Mr. Bacon's "Goose-girl" affords me an excuse for rehabilitating these interesting fowl, and I thank him. I am all the more grateful because his goose-girl and her flock have a very racy rustic flavor.

Mr. Pearce and M. Vayson each introduce us to a peasant woman of rather higher pretensions than a goose-girl. "The Shepherd's Daughter" by Mr. Pearce is a genuine village girl with *sabots*, and not adorned with the crook of pastoral verse. But the realism of the picture has not impaired the poetry of a work which does credit to the American painter.

As to M. Vayson, his "Shepherdess's Offering" has given him the opportunity of painting some sheep with such truth, such reality, that they only need cooking. And at the same time, his shepherdess too is a tempting morsel, with her attitude of dignified submission as she offers, on a humble altar in the midst of a plain, the fleece—and perhaps a joint—of her pretty, bleating flock.

It is another sort of religious ceremony that has inspired M. Gilbert. He gives us "A Wedding" of the most modern type. The interest centers in the bridal pair at the moment of giving and taking the ring. Let us be grateful to the painter for having escaped a melodramatic touch, in placing behind a pillar the ferocious vision of an ousted and intolerable rival lady, as in the famous old song *Ay chiquita*, threatening to sing a dirge at the wedding ceremony.

"A Festival Sunday at Concarneau," by M. Guillou, is full of intense and vivid religious feeling. All lower Brittany lives incarnate in those three kneeling figures, a fisherman, a woman and a child. We see that they will presently rise strengthened and refreshed, able to think this evening with less alarm of the mocking *korrigan* sprites, while the procession goes, on its slow and solemn way, across a bridge in the old Armorican city.

V. GILBERT

WEDDING

II

On the 1st of May, as I went into the Salon, at the top of the stairs, just in front of Roybet's picture, I came face to face with an officer of mounted *chasseurs* in undress uniform, a friend of mine, so I went to meet him. But as I was about to speak to him, I could hardly find him again in a little crowd of a dozen or so of his fellow-officers of the same regiment.

I inquired of him what could be the cause that had brought so many cavalry officers to the Salon. He informed me that he and the other officers of the mounted *chasseurs* from Rambouillet were on duty.

They were quartered at the Palais de l'Industrie as a precaution, in case of the disturbances threatened on the 1st of May. A mess-room had been fitted up for them, a sort of parlor where they could play dummy whist—a more innocent occupation, as one of them remarked, than civil war—and between whiles they were, of course, at liberty to study the pictures, so long as they were prepared to sally forth at a moment's notice as soon as they should hear any rumors of a riot outside.

The idea immediately occurred to me that I might "do" my Salon in the company of these quite original art critics. And at the same moment my friend, a young lieutenant, introduced me to one of his fellow-officers, an old martinet of a captain, who was standing at his elbow. We all three soon made acquaintance, and agreed to confine our attention as far as possible to paintings of military subjects. Not to the detriment of the others; we would study the rest of the paintings together, if the Demonstrationists in the Place de la Concorde should give us time. This settled, away we go.

We first call a halt in front of M. Bloch's picture, "The Standard."

I await the verdict of my soldier friends, for I am fully resolved not to give utterance to any of my own impressions of the military pictures exhibited. The least I can do, as I have a "professional opinion" at

hand, is to leave them free to pronounce their judgment of these bellicose presentments. Happily my two impromptu critics make no secret of their views—especially the old captain.

"Not bad, not at all bad," says he, after inspecting every portion of the stirring scene set before us by the artist. "Indeed it is the very thing. The soldier stretched on the ground with his musket lying in front quite looks as if it were all up with him. You can see he has dropped like a rabbit. An orderly of mine was bowled over, just like that, at Champigny. But what the deuce is that priest doing there, hugging the ensign who has got his bullet? I don't like to see birds of that feather on a field of battle. What do you say, lieutenant?"

"It is a matter of taste, Sir."

"And you, Monsieur?"

"I have no objection to it," said I quietly. "Above all if the painting is good. And you surely must allow that the priest is well imagined, and that his gown contrasts agreeably with the monotonous color of the uniforms."

"Have it so," replied the veteran, proceeding on his way round the rooms at a quick pace that the lieutenant and I could hardly keep up with.

Suddenly stopping in front of another picture, by M. Boutigny:

"Come now," says he, with evident satisfaction, "we have no priest here. And, besides, I like that lieutenant with his head wrapped in a bandage; he is no feather-bed soldier, that fellow, I can tell you. The pity is that he looks as if he would not last much longer. But, dear me, dear me!"

And the captain knits his brows.

"What the devil do these artists mean by always filling their battle scenes with civilians? Look where you will, there is but one soldier in the whole picture. You have only to look. Who is that man at the window, shaking his fist at the enemy, and shouting, 'They will not look for it there?' An old workingman. And in the room itself whom do you see? A woman and her brat."

ALFRED GUILLOU

THE STANDARD

"A very fine piece of painting, captain," I venture to put in.

"Possibly, possibly. But pictures full of priests and workmen and brats are not what I call military subjects. What do you say, lieutenant?"

"It is a matter of taste, Sir."

The diplomatic reticence with which the lieutenant acquiesced without agreeing—as they say again in the army—to the decisions of his superior, left me no opening for contravening the captain's views. I was in danger of finding no one on my side. So I took the line of being entirely of his mind, and then tried to change the subject. To this end I imperceptibly led him to Sergent's picture of "Kléber at the storming of Saint-Jean-d'Acre." At the sight of this the old martinet's brow lifted and cleared.

"Now, that really is a military picture," said he in a tone of conviction. "Not but that there are too many ladders in the thing. When an artist has the honor of painting officers he may rest satisfied. The ladders are not an essential part of the matter."

"But it is the storming of the citadel of Saint-Jean-d'Acre. In those days to take a place by storm they were obliged—"

"To have ladders? Very likely. I am not pig-headed, but one or two are enough, and to spare. However, putting that aside, I like the picture. Those grenadiers, and Kléber setting the example—— When the thing is engraved we will order a copy for the mess-room. Do you agree, lieutenant?"

"Entirely, Sir."

"Then right about face."

And we pursued our pilgrimage, passing by such canvases as displayed other than warlike scenes, as we had agreed.

The lieutenant seemed occasionally to regret this order of the day, for he sent more than one side glance at certain paintings devoted to Venus rather than to Bellona, as they would have said in the last century; but our captain showed no quarter. He ignored the delightful incarnations of beauty of every period and age, from Franck

Lamy's antique nymphs to the poetical modern figure of Lady Helen Vincent, a fine work by Benjamin-Constant.

Suddenly he pulled up again. We had come to a painting by M. Grolleron, called "Brothers in Arms."

"Bless me! Two zouaves!" said he. "It strikes me as quite funny to see that uniform. And you?" And the captain turned to me.

"I like it," said I, "though, from what I hear, the fine corps of zouaves is not what it used to be. The recruits are not of the same stuff; there are too many sons of the Algerian citizens who have not the spirit of the thing."

"Counter-jumpers!" said the captain scornfully. "But never mind. When war breaks out——"

"As far hence as possible."

"What! As far hence as possible? When war breaks out, I say, those counter-jumpers will fight just as well as that wounded sergeant whom the painter shows us pick-a-back on his comrade's shoulders. In the ranks, you see, to be well officered is often enough to make a man cool under fire."

Then, looking once more at the painting:

"Brothers in Arms," he repeated in a voice slightly touched by emotion. "It is a good name for a picture, for it is a good and true saying. There is brotherhood in the army. By Jove! And they do try to climb on to each other's shoulders too, and not always as in that picture, but to help themselves. When the roll is called after a battle one idea qualifies our regret: losses mean promotion. But we are brothers in arms, all the same. And it is in the Army that to this day more men are to be found than elsewhere who are capable of dying for a friend."

"You really are in love with your profession," I observed, after listening to this little burst of feeling.

"Everyone is in love with it," retorted the captain, who had recovered his spirits in front of "The Conscript's Farewell," by M. Moreau de Tours. "You have only to look at that peasant wench in her white bodice, taking leave of the youngster going off to join his regiment with his bundle slung to a stick. How she is smiling at the soldier of to-morrow! How plainly you can see that she will go after him presently, and comfort him as best she may. A soldier's uniform will always have a magical charm for a woman, and the thing which makes our profession perennially the smartest in the world is the fact that the fair sex like us best. And you must own that it is but fair. Civilians have all their life to make love in. For us, beauty smiles only once in a while, for a treat. And then for such a little time! Now at my age, for instance——"

"Nay, captain, you are too modest."

"No, no, I am speaking seriously; and I envy that stripling conscript his parting from the wench in the white shirt. In fact, I so

heartily envy the rascal that I should like to put him under arrest in revenge for my being so much past his age. What do you say, lieutenant?"

"If you fancy it, Sir."

But the lieutenant was not thinking of what he was saying. His attention was riveted by M. Cormon's picture of the "Battle of Essling."

He was gazing with emotion on the noble canvas where one of the most splendid episodes of the Napoleonic epic lives again, but which at the same time gives a painful impression of one of those wholesale butcheries at the end of the First Empire, when the enemy had learned in the hard school of defeat, if not to conquer in their turn, at least to make us pay dearly for our laurels.

Nor was the captain less interested when he presently came in front of the picture. The episode which inspired M. Cormon is taken from the curious memoirs of Captain Coignet, the Marbot of subalterns; and as my gallant captain had, like Coignet, risen from the ranks, and shares with him all the enthusiasms, the prejudices and the passions of his class, it was a thing to see the eagerness and curiosity with which he studied this Essling in the light of the tradition which the artist has borrowed from Coignet.

I could guess that his heart beat high as he looked at those young soldiers of 1809, shaken for a moment by the backward rush of a broken regiment, but recovering at once at the appeal of their grenadiers, who, seizing them by the collar, place the youngsters behind them, saying: "You will not be frightened now."

"By heaven! Now would not you say that you saw a real battle?" said the captain with radiant satisfaction, as he moved away after examining all the stirring details of the picture with the greatest attention.

"And no civilians this time," I added, that nothing might be wanting to his pleasure.

The captain made no reply. He had paused in front of the

"Surrender of Saragoza," which had instantly captivated him, and he could not take his eyes from this spirited scene of the First Emperor's wars: the women of the people shaking their clenched fists with impotent threats in the face of our imperturbable soldiery. The captain wanted the lieutenant too to look at this picture; but the young man was at the moment gazing at M. Henner's "Sleeping girl" with such entire absorption and determined contemplation as commanded respect. The captain did not insist.

"He is still young," said he with an air of paternal indulgence. "But for my part, the beautiful 'nude,' as they say, no longer stirs me. Of course I must allow that now and then you come across something worth looking at in these pictures representing women; but they are not very interesting."

"I like that! And at the same time you are staring with all your eyes at 'The Idler,' by Mr. Knight."

"Do you mean that little girl sitting with all her paraphernalia about her ready to knit?"

"The very same."

"Why, yes, to be sure. But there is some sentiment in that, and sentiment always lays hold of me. Like another figure I caught sight of just now as we went by, called 'Forsaken.'"

"By M. Richter," said I, after consulting the catalogue I held in my hand.

"Richter, Richter," exclaimed the veteran, with a slight growl in his voice. "A German name!—Lend me your catalogue. Well, it would be a pretty thing if I should have admired a picture by a German."

He took the catalogue, ran down the names under the letter R, and finding that M. Richter was born at Paris, and, of course, a Frenchman, he went on quite comforted.

"Well, the abandoned damsel is very pleasing. The only objection I have to make is that such a sweet creature would never have been abandoned. It is not true to nature. Show me the fool who abandoned her, and I undertake to send two men and a corporal to carry him off to a lunatic asylum."

At this moment the lieutenant came up with us; it was four o'clock. Intelligence had been brought to the quarters that there had been a slight scrimmage on the Place de la République. The Deputy Baudin had come to loggerheads with the police. The matter might perhaps become more serious; the officers would be wise not to abuse their liberty to wander about the Salon, but to return to the colonel's headquarters. We had by this time reached the main staircase: the two officers had only to turn to the left to find themselves with the garrison of a day. We shook hands.

"Good luck to you, captain, I said to the old soldier, if you are compelled to charge."

"Which I sincerely hope we may not be," answered the worthy captain. "For fighting Frenchmen in the streets of Paris is but sorry work. I am logical, you see; I told you just now that I did not like to see civilians in pictures of battles. Well, I like it no better when it is a real battle and they are flesh and blood. What do you say, lieutenant?"

"Sir, that you are right."

Ridgway Knight Paris 1893

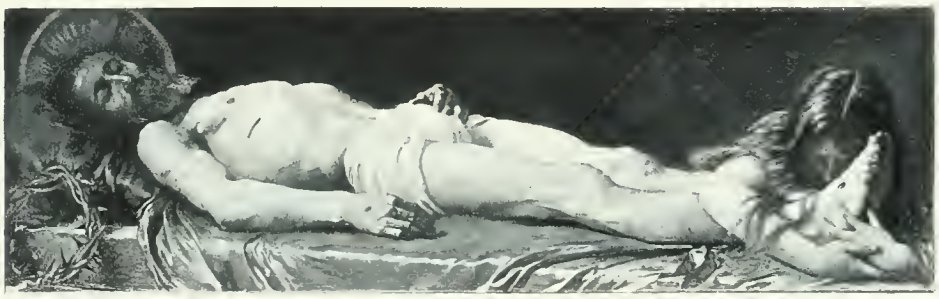
The desertion of my officer friends was no reason for giving up my right to study military pictures. I may even confess that I was not sorry to be relieved of suggestions based on theories so undoubtedly foreign to pure æsthetics as were those put forward by my former companion, the captain.

So it was with a sense of emancipation that I took my stand in front of a picture by M. Flameng entitled: "It is He! 1814."

You recognize who is the personage designated by "It is He." Victor Hugo, long before the painter, had said:

> He; everywhere He. In ice as in flame
> His image alone is impressed on my brain.

Here, face to face with M. Flameng's picture, we seem to live over



DUBUFET *The dead night*

again that last campaign so powerfully narrated by M. Henry Houssaye in his fine book, *1814*. Between two battles, Napoleon is resting for a while in a peasant's cottage. It is evening. A lighted candle stands on the table. The Man of Destiny, quite worn out, sits with his head bent and stooping shoulders. His eyes are cast down. He wears the familiar, classical gray overcoat, open in front and showing his white knee-breeches and high top-boots. Napoleon is lost in meditation and we may easily suppose that his military genius—which, as is well-known, was never more amazing or more fertile in resource than it was during this French campaign—is planning the field of Champaubert or Montmirail, a last gleam of triumph for his eagles and his legions.

Behind the table, silent and upright, are two generals, one seated, the other standing, both anxious, both vaguely watchful as though they feared to disturb, even by meeting his eye, the thoughts of the man who, for a few days yet, was to be the ruler of France. Standing about them we see the peasant's family. In front the little ones, staring in astonishment at the Emperor; behind them a patriarch and an old grandam in a coif, and two younger rustics. These are simply devouring their monarch with their eyes, to their hearts' content. Could such as they believe that he was beaten? What next? Their fetichism, their idolatrous adoration of him could never admit the notion. Betrayed; that is the utmost they can allow. But he will arise in his might and punish the traitors, never doubt it. How do you suppose that the peasantry of Champagne or l'Ile de France could, at this time, have failed in this sturdy belief, this pious credulity, when, as everyone knows, only a year later, they would not credit the news of the disaster of Waterloo.

The artist has rendered to perfection the beatific expression and reverent admiration of the rustic owners of the hut. But the other figures, and the Emperor most of all, are not less wonderfully truthful and powerful. It needs no great spirit of prophecy to foretell that this picture will achieve one of the most brilliant and lasting successes of the exhibition at the Champs-Élysées in this year of grace 1893.

* * *

The Napoleon of Destiny and Doom lives again—we might almost say dies again—in M. Chelminski's "Retreat from Moscow, 1812."

A sleigh with three horses skims over the snow, carrying the man of whom Victor Hugo said that "in Russia he was vanquished by his conquest." With the traditional cocked hat on his head, the victor of the Beresina, whose one unconquerable foe was the arctic cold of Muscovy, sits in the sleigh. What thoughts are those that give his brain no rest, though no line of his face betrays them? Does he dream that at this very moment a malcontent, one of his own generals—Malet

F. FLAMENG

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THE RAVENS, FROM MOUNT [illegible]

—is so incredibly audacious as to plot a conspiracy against him in Paris itself: nay, and that his daring attempt is within an ace of succeeding? Does he repent of having embarked on this mad campaign against a people who are the natural allies of France? And can he foresee, across the gulf of time, a Cronstadt making amends for the blunder?

Perhaps he is only prosaically reflecting that it is uncommonly cold in Russia, since man of genius though he be, he is not the less a man like other men. I remember one evening, fifteen years ago, or more, hearing a very clever and witty old man, the Comte Delamarre, who had been aide-de-camp to Marshal Oudinot during the Russian campaign, talking of the great retreat; and when all his audience asked as with one voice:

"Did you ever see the Emperor? Did you speak to him?"

"Yes," said the Count calmly, "and this was how it happened. Marshal Oudinot sent for me one morning very early, and said to me: 'Lieutenant, I have just received information that all the bridges have been broken up in front of us by the Russians. Go and report this to the Emperor.' I mounted my horse and rode off to Napoleon's tent: he was still asleep. I got somebody to wake him, and as soon as I was admitted I briefly told him my errand!"

"And what did the Emperor say?" we all inquired in breathless expectation of some grand historic reply.

"The Emperor," said Delamarre, "knit his brows, and after making me repeat the statement that all the bridges were destroyed: 'The devil they are!' said he. 'Then how are we to get across?'—And not another word."

Imagine our disappointment at hearing from the lips of a contemporary witness that the greatest genius of the age could, in such a tragical situation, make the same prosaic confession of helplessness as we ourselves or any ordinary idiot.

But this reminiscence has led us away from the "Retreat from Moscow" and M. Chelminski, and left me only just space enough to assert that this "Retreat," exhibited at the Salon of the Champs-Elysées.

is not a disaster for the artist; far from it. The canvas with his name to it does honor to that Polish school which in the course of the last few years has made its way to so distinguished a position in grand historical art. You are, no doubt, familiar with the whimsical misoslavonic aspiration of Nestor Roqueplan, who longed to see Poland restored "that all the Poles might be shut up there." We only hope that his wish may never be fulfilled. Paris is now a second home to M. Chelminski and his Polish fellow-artists, and would be too greatly the loser.

In "The Fourteenth of the Line at Eylau," by M. Lionel Roger, Napoleon is not indeed to be seen; but he is still the soul, and in fact the subject of the picture, for the episode represented shows us the commander of the battalion of the 14th instructing Marbot to convey to the Emperor the parting greeting of the martyred regiment that is about to perish. It is impossible to read unmoved in Marbot's memoirs the narrative of this scene of heroism. The artist has found inspiration in the commanding officer's noble speech, who, as he gave the standard into Marbot's keeping, said: "It would be too dreadful to die seeing our flag in the hands of the enemy." The battle is meanwhile raging round the young lieutenant and the grenadiers, who will presently turn on the Russians, one man against ten, and fall shouting: *Vive l'Empereur!* like the last handful of French at Waterloo. The artist has depicted this grand patriotic drama with a truth and sobriety of feeling that is all the more praiseworthy because it is only too easy to be blatant and declamatory in the treatment of such a subject.

A similar rock ahead lies in the way of those who attempt religious pictures. There is always a risk that in trying to rise to the sublime they may only become bombastic. Others, again, sometimes fall into the opposite extreme, and by dint of aiming at truth and simplicity altogether eliminate ideal sentiment while handling subjects and symbols which have in fact no connection, however remote, with squalid, naturalistic realism. Does the fault lie in the diminished religious faith of our artists? Possibly; though even in the ages of faith so-called we have seen artists take great liberties with the most sacred subjects,

giving, for instance, the features of the magnates of Italy at the time of the Renaissance to the apostles, as Leonardo da Vinci did in his "Last Supper."

Be it as it may, since it is certain that a painter's most essential task is to produce a fine painting, I do not hesitate to say that this first con-

dition is fulfilled by M. Brunet in "The last Words of Christ," and by M. Doucet, the painter of a "Dead Christ."

The first thing to be said indeed of these two pictures is that they have been unreservedly admired, if not by the clergy, who are rarely to be seen in our picture galleries, at any rate by persons who are most sensitive as to the respect due to everything concerning the Christian religion. And such praise is not always pronounced over every picture of sacred purport, even when signed by artists whose intentions are above suspicion.

M. Brunet paints the Son of God as He is uttering the *Lama Sabbachtani* of Scripture. The holy women, kneeling round the Cross, look up to Him with streaming eyes, or bend their heads in despair to the earth. In the distance we see the crowd—Jews and Pilate's legion. The attitude of the Savior on the cross, the expression of His gaze

into infinity, have that spirit of Divinity which even the antichristian philosopher acknowledged when he said that the death of Jesus was the death of a God.

In M. Doucet's picture the body of Christ lies naked on the cold sepulchral stone. The Magdalen, bending over Him, kisses the sacred feet, over which the sinner's golden hair falls and twines. But the artist has not sacrificed his purpose to the temptation to give too much prominence to the fair penitent. He has put her somewhat in the background of the picture, feeling that he certainly could never have found forgiveness if he had shown too much gallantry in his treatment of her to whom much had been forgiven.

It is the Mother of the Lord that inspires M. Lévy's picture of "An Evening at Nazareth." The Virgin, with a glory about her head, and wrapped in a veil which falls to her waist, is seated on a stone in a vacant landscape, a silence unbroken by any human sound, where melancholy palm-trees wring their boughs. The beautiful face is full of divine peace, and the artist has succeeded in giving it all the spirituality that can be desired.

A no less innocent, almost heavenly head, is that of the young girl painted by M. J. Breton in his picture "Going to the Pardon." A young peasant girl of Brittany, dressed in her best Sunday clothes and her whitest cap, is walking down a shady path full of mystery, carrying a taper in one hand. Her other hand holds that of a love of a baby with a broad hat, and carrying his taper too—and so terribly afraid of dropping it! Old women seated by the wayside watch the girl and the little child as they pass by. M. Breton, as we know, like M. Lansyer and some other landscape painters, is a poet as well as a painter; and his brush never discovered more excellent music than in "Going to the Pardon."

I am not acquainted with the valley of the Mouzon, for the simple reason that the Mouzon itself is to me no more than a myth. Nay, and I would venture to bet that three-fourths and a half of my fellow-countrymen are as ignorant as I am. It is not merely because we are

PAUL-LEROY

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a nation who never study geography, as the Germans assert, it is partly because the Mouzon is not marked on any map, not even in a German atlas. It must be "a tiny brooklet flowing scarcely seen," as Hégésippe Moreau wrote of his beloved Voulzie. M. Barillot, who seems equally attached to his Mouzon, has chosen a worthy object of his affections. And the Mouzon, not ungrateful, has given him the opportunity of painting one of the best landscapes in the Salon. I would particularly direct your attention to two cows in the foreground strikingly true to life. If we could but turn them into oxen by a decree—a reminiscence, this, of the Convention—we might eat them as beef.

* * *

My fair one, April smiles again.
Exiled Spring returns to reign,

so to parody M. Coppée, who is the self-constituted poet of the sweet month which is often more worthy to be sung than its successor in the calendar, for May is frequently but a deceiver. The painters of the year seem to share M. Coppée's affection for the month of resuscitation. M. Zuber in his "April Blossoms" shows the apple-trees in bloom, the fragrant snows of spring under whose shade the oxen toil, spurred to labor by the goad! In the "April" of M. Debat-Ponsan, again, we have an ox, but a rebellious one, whisking his tail and holding his head high. In the foreground are a peasant lad and village maid; he lying on the grass, she seated by his side with no thought of evil: Daphnis and Chloe before letters. M. Debat-Ponsan has hitherto been known to the frequenters of the Salon by his portraits of men of public importance. His eclectic taste in art had led him to perpetuate on canvas the faces of M. Lepère, one of Gambetta's most devoted allies in the ministry, and of M. Paul de Cassagnac, whose name is a sufficient excuse for saying no more about him. Nowadays M. Debat-Ponsan seems to have laid aside politics in favor of rural innocents. I will not irreverently insist on the violence of the transition, but compliment the artist on having sacrificed none of his skill in the process.

In M. Busson's picture we find ourselves in another scene of rural peace: a slow, smooth stream, down which floats a barge guided by a boatman who is not overexerting himself. Here indeed we have a placid and restful work, and are not surprised to find that it is called "The Old Priory wall," for it is a spot well fitted to shelter monks who have retired from the world and its excitements. Need it be said that M. Busson has given the sense of poetic peace with the firm touch of an artist long since above all criticism?

We must name too, in the scale of grace, "The White Goat," by M. Pinchart, led by a sweet little maiden of about ten years. Nothing can be more cheerful than the key in which this is pitched: the white goat, the child clothed in white, and the clear bright landscape.

A very different impression is produced by M. Paul Lagarde's "Voices of Twilight." This artist is a striking instance of the contrast which is often to be seen between a man's character and the turn taken by his talent. All M. Paul Lagarde's friends agree in describing him as the best of good fellows, lively, frank, communicative, a perfect sunbeam. Now only look at his picture: he is devoted to half-tones, the melancholy hues that merge in declining daylight. Nature so shrouded that she may almost be said to have taken the veil, for the shades she draws about her have, as it were, a religious gloom. But what matters the anomaly of the two natures in M. Lagarde? The essential point is that the artist communicates to the spectator the profound impression made on him by twilight harmonies, and that he has painted one of the best pictures in the Salon under this inspiration.

* * *

It is but rarely that painting finds it to its interest to be political and take up the passions of the day. This may lead to such misadventures as those which are said to have befallen David's famous picture representing the murder of the regicide Le Pelletier de Saint-Fargeau by Pâris of the body-guard. The history of this painting is strange enough to be worthy of repetition here.

DELAT PONCAN

APRIL

THE WHITE GOAT

The picture in question had been ordered of the great painter by the Convention, and placed at once in a conspicuous position in the hall where the assembly met. The Convention was dissolved, to be succeeded by the Directory and then by the Consulate. The picture was removed, and became the property of the family. But the family had by this time forsaken the political creed of its head, who had been killed by one of the body-guard, an ardent royalist. A granddaughter of Le Pelletier de Saint-Fargeau had married a gentleman of the *ancien régime*, M. de Boisgelin, who was wholly devoted to the king. David's picture having come into his possession through his wife, M. de Boisgelin was extremely puzzled as to what to do with it. As a royalist he could not, decently, display the picture in his own house; this would be to condemn a murder committed for the good cause. Moreover the artist had in his picture shown a strong party bias, for—inaccurately as it would seem—he had made Pâris strike his victim from behind. On the other hand M. de Boisgelin was not the man to sell the painting; that he would have thought mean. What, then, could he do? Destroy it? But he appreciated art and was of opinion that to make away with David's work would

be an act of gross and impardonable vandalism. At length, weary of the matter, after long and due reflection he decided on the following course: he sent for some masons from the neighboring village and desired them to construct a sort of niche in a disused room in his country house, and he had the picture placed in it. He then sent for a lawyer, and when this worthy was fully and amply assured that the picture was there, he ordered the laborers to build it up behind a slight wall, so as to conceal it completely from view: and the notary then drew up a duly attested document, certifying that he had witnessed the business. I was told not long since that David's work has never been removed, but is still immured, M. de Boisgelin's heirs having respected his singular decision. And after all, it is better, perhaps, in the interest of art that it should remain undisturbed, for it is only too likely that damp, and perhaps rats, may have reduced it to a wretched state.

This anecdote was vividly brought to my mind as I stood in front of M. J. P. Laurens' picture of Bonchamps' little daughter before the revolutionary tribunal. Here, indeed, we have a work which betrays no political proclivities in the painter. This picture will never be walled up by either a Monarchist or a Republican, for this chapter of history will never be disowned by either side. General Bonchamps' little girl is neither more nor less than an innocent child, quite unconsciously rehearsing her seditious and royalist articles of faith before judges who, as a rule, were not wont to be placable, but who, on this occasion, touched by the sweetness of the prisoner at the bar, yielded to human feeling.

This scene of the revolutionary tribunal is strikingly truthful; the faces of the actors bear the stamp of the times. M. J. P. Laurens once more shows his learning and insight as a painter of history.

* * *

A picture even happier if possible than that last-mentioned, in its attractiveness for parties of every shade, is the painting exhibited by

Jean-Paul Laurens
1898

M. Enders with the title of "Here's to France! Alsace, July 14th."

I know all that can be said against the subject which inspired the painter. Any allusions to the provinces lost to France in 1870 require to be handled with the tenderest caution, in the spirit of the famous words spoken by Gambetta *à propos* of this very matter of Alsace-Lorraine: "Always think of it; never speak of it." But this exhortation to silence would be perhaps somewhat too despotic with regard to the matter under consideration, for though M. Enders' brush "speaks" no doubt of Alsace, it is in no hectoring, declamatory spirit. There is no stupid chauvinism to be discerned in these uplifted glasses in honor of our national festival. The old men and the young, and even the women, down to the baby whose fingers are guided by his mother's to clutch his glass in both hands, have all a solemn aspect, but nothing at all theatrical. And the emotion we feel before this picture may be sad or desponding, but has nothing to do with the sense of irritation or even of shame that we carry away from certain demonstrations, supposed to be patriotic, at the minor theatres or *cafés-concerts*.

* * *

If the grown-up boys we call sailors, always amazed at everything that does not smell of the sea, have found their poet—and what a poet! —in Loti, a delightful artist has also been born to them in the person of M. Bourgain. This painter's "Sailor's Yarn" is admirably picturesque. All these brave tars, seated or stretched at full length below the ladder on which their comrade perches, spinning his yarn, form a group most happily composed in its variety of physiognomy and attitude.

Need we care what the narrator is telling them as he sits on the ladder. Whether he is enumerating his conquests among the Tahitan damsels, or the misdeeds of were-wolves in Britany, he is equally certain to have an audience hanging on his lips, as his hammock hangs between decks. For the sailor's life has few diversions, and that is what makes him such a good listener to those long yarns that come as a break to the hours of hard toil from the moment of leaving "the land

where mothers dwell," as a contemporary Breton poet says in some pretty verses called *Les Épaves*.

And this same vein of poetry seems to have inspired M. Haquette in his "Getting into Port." The pensive lad leaning on his elbows over the side of the boat looks as though he, too, were dreaming of the land where mothers dwell, while the old sailor behind has that look of dogged resignation which the author of *Les Épaves* ascribes to seafaring men, who are exposed every day to the risk of seeing their ship dismasted and tossed by the waves till it is swallowed up in the vasty deep.

Do you remember, in the *Iceland fishermen*, Maud's anguish as she watches for her lover, her wild hopes, always cheated, till they are doomed on the last page of the story by the inexorable sentence: "He never came back." Some of the deep sadness of such things has infused itself into M. Haquette's picture.

No less poetical in another way is the impression left on us by M. Piot's picture called "Reverie." The spectator's imagination is left at full liberty to give a name to this dreaming girl. Is it Mignon grieving for her native land? Is it Alfred de Musset's Pépa, whom the poet asks of what she is thinking, and himself has to furnish the reply:

> Of tender secrets told perchance
> By some sweet innocent like thee,
> Of a new frock, a promised dance,
> Of nothing—or perhaps of me?

What matters the name after all? What matter if she be dreaming of nothing, so long as she produces the impression the painter desires to convey? And that is the case in the picture we are discussing. It may be said too that the damsel represented by M. Piot is pretty enough for her dream— if it is a dream of love—to come true to her desires, nor will her engaging déshabillé prove a hindrance.

* * *

Shall I confess my weakness for the style of art known as anecdote

OUTIN

painting? Yes, for why not? There is no discredit in that, saving the presence of the exclusive admirers of a "precious bit," who go into ecstasies over a well painted leg, and would give a prize medal to a wart executed by the highest canon of art. Anecdote painting demands a skill in composition and grouping which is not at the command of every brush. And it reveals in those who attempt it with success an ingenuity and sympathetic wit which, after all, are not incompatible with drawing and color. Let us, once for all, be on our guard against those pretentious artists who do not aim at anything beyond skilful workmanship and who are, so to speak, nothing more than a superior order of decorators.

I have seen few more amusing pictures than M. Outin's "Up Hill." The hill suggests the fable of the Coach by La Fontaine. The travelers have got out to lighten the load on the vehicle. Three of them are conscientiously plodding on behind it. One worthy man takes a sou out of his pocket to give to a little beggar-girl on the road, while a little aside a young man and woman look as if they were exchanging vows which will last, it is to be hoped, till the coach shall have reached its destination.

We are again reminded of La Fontaine by "The Dog carrying his

master's breakfast." This doggie is first cousin to the mastiff whom the poet describes as having round his neck the scars of the collar which denotes his servitude. But in M. Borchard's picture the dog, who is on service, is worse treated than in the fable. Four or five bigger dogs have fallen on him on his way, and have completely upset the basket he was carrying. A bottle is lying broken on the ground, a napkin has become untied so that the food has fallen about, and a sharp-toothed poodle is standing truculent by the door, ready to rush on the spoil. Poor dog on duty! He has hardly been able to rescue a cutlet from the devouring fangs of his comrades. Nay, I will not answer for it that even this slender pittance will not presently vanish into the maw of a greedy spaniel on the right who has his eye on it.

But perhaps you will say that it is a queer idea to trust a dog to fetch and carry a breakfast, and that it is not surprising to find the four-footed messenger return worsted and robbed. That may be true; but I know some owners of dogs who have employed them on far more difficult errands. An eccentric royalist who lived erewhile in the Avenue Montaigne, every morning put three sous into his poodle's mouth and sent him to fetch the newspaper—the organ of his party—which the dog never failed to bring back. "But, unfortunately," said the dog's owner a few days since, with an air of conviction, "evil communications in our street have at last corrupted my dog, and of late he has always brought me home *Le Rappel*. And if even dogs have ceased to be faithful to a political party," said my informant, philosophically, "we cannot expect anything better from men. So don't be surprised if before long you see me figuring among the *ralliés*. My dog has set me the example!"

After studying this banquet of devouring dogs, M. Chocarne-Moreau introduces us to a sly booze where there is but one person concerned. This is a little cook's boy tossing off a glass of wine given him by a choir-boy, who has stolen it from a cupboard while the priest's back is turned. The beatitude with which the little scullion smacks his lips over the forbidden fruit is a thing to see. But the rascally chorister

gives him no time for sipping, as we learn from the title of the picture: "Make Haste."

To make up for it no one is in a hurry in Madame Inès de Beaufond's "Dinner time." Two children, a brother and sister, are comfortably seated at table, and the little brother, with his head bent over his round arm, is watching a tortoise crawling about on the white cloth with the traditional deliberateness of his race. The two children's heads are full of sweet grace. As to dinner, we long to eat the babies up with kisses.

The artists whom we are now about to pass under review transport us into the open air, forsaking the scenery of house and home. M. Paris gives the title of "An Intruder" to a study of a donkey running into a paddock where some horses are at play, who in a minute will expand their nostrils to sniff the new-comer. M. Tattegrain gives us a masterly representation of "A Conflagration," in Artois, as he tells us. The flames are raging through the thatched cottages up which the villagers in their shirt sleeves are swarming as best they may. There is only one fault to be found with this splendid scene of terror called a fire, namely the absence of firemen. Unless indeed this is an intentional satire on the artist's part, for the castigation of the corps, who, like the military in an operetta, are usually unready to arrive too soon.

M. de Vuillefroy takes us further afield than M. Tattegrain, under the bright skies of Spain, to the door of "An Inn in the Sierra d'Avila." Some asses loaded, not with relics but with vegetables and fruit, are slowly plodding along a road scorched by the sun. A group of people watch them as they pass, a muleteer standing against the gate-post with the pride of an hidalgo, a youth—a *mozo*—and two girls—*muchachitas*—one grave and one smiling. All Spain—I might say all Arabia—lives in these few broad touches, for in fact the sons of old Castile with their terra-cotta complexions can hardly have the face to deny that in the time of the Moors the fair *muchachas* sometimes regarded the conquerors of their country with a feeling warmer than friendship.

The last generation saw the earliest beginning of wrestling matches in Paris. Until then the southern provinces had enjoyed the sole privilege of such exhibitions of the torso and biceps pitted against each other in the lists. The first manager who conceived the idea of initiating us into these somewhat monotonous entertainments was one Rossignol-Rollin, and in his line he was really a great man, the demi-god of advertisement, the Jupiter of puff.

The walls of Paris were not then as now covered with daubed, and not always decent, pictures, announcing the opening of this or that theatre or music-hall, or place of amusement of some kind. Rossignol-Rollin was one of the first, as a very 'cute Barnum, to make use of pictures for his purposes. He peopled the corners of Paris, wherever an advertisement could find a hold, with gaudy representations of two wrestlers : Béranger, known as the "Handsome Frenchman," and Jocko, the "Bulwark of Nigritia," struggling locked together in desperate attitudes, and endeavoring to crack each other's sinews. Below was the customary invitation : "Come to the Arena of Athletics, the Temple of Muscle : it costs but one franc."

And Paris went to the Arena of Athletics, went in crowds, attracted less by the generally unvarying vicissitudes of the wrestling match than by the amusing humor of Rossignol-Rollin, who, like M. Salis at the Chat-Noir, enlivened the intervals between the bouts by a torrent of deafening observations addressed to the gallery : "What men, gentlemen !" he would say with a wave of the hand at the wrestlers, as they withdrew from the ring, their heads low, panting, perspiring, wiping their faces. "Those muscles are not flesh and blood, they are cast-iron. If you knew what it costs to feed those fellows !"

Sometimes Rossignol-Rollin would address his wrestlers in a free-and-easy way ; as for instance one day when he said to the "Bulwark of Nigritia," of whom mention has been made, speaking with great severity : "Jocko, go, withdraw. You are much too black, it is unnatural. I am afraid the color may come off in the presence of these ladies, and it would not be nice."

Rossignol-Rollin is dead; he died rich, it would seem, the wrestling business—by proxy—having been a valuable help to him in the struggle for life: but he lives again in young Marseille, who was one of his most admired performers, and who, having now retired from professional engagements, makes others toil for his own greater benefit.

Marseille's chief scene of action is the Fair at Neuilly, and it is his booth during a performance, which M. Faivre puts before us at the Salon in the Champs-Élysées.

Two wrestlers in the usual costume—naked, that is to say, excepting their short drawers—are seen in the ring. One, half-lying on the ground, still supports himself by the strength of his bent arm, showing the hard and powerful biceps. The antagonist, bending over him, is kneading him, weighing on him with all the strength of his palms, to achieve the final success of forcing both shoulders to touch the ground. Three other wrestlers, at the other end of the ring, stand indifferently awaiting their turn. All round, on the raised seats, are the spectators who frequent Marseille's shows. Dandy young gentlemen, and ladies, not for the most part of the most severely correct circles. All the crowd gesticulates and shouts, encouraging the wrestlers and making ignominiously bad jokes. Sometimes a regular scrimmage ensues, in which Marseille takes care never to interfere, all the turmoil around the ring being a condition and element of success. Happy man! For besides the handsome sums of money he pockets, he has had the honor of seeing his booth depicted with the exquisite and elegant finish of such an artist as M. Faivre.

* * *

Is it himself that M. Denneulin has represented as the luckless painter whose canvas is swept away by a sudden gust of wind on the sea-shore? Very possibly, for those who would study from nature must always be liable to such mishaps. At any rate the artist has hit on a very amusing incident. Not only is the discomfited expression

of the painter's face extremely droll—his eyes upturned to follow the flight through space of his canvas and of his cap, which is careering after it. I would have you note also the scared looks of the natives, the sea-faring men who had collected to watch the proceedings of the picture-maker, tormenting him by the crude, intrusive curiosity of which artists so justly complain, but against which they cannot unfortunately protect themselves.

Very pretty and very "Louis-Quinze" is M. Weiss's picture, "Homage to Beauty." Outside an inn, some country "Golden Lion," a dashing cavalier, his hair pig-tailed and powdered, stands, hand on hip, making pretty speeches to a young lady standing on a balcony with Bartolo at her elbow. Little she recks, as it would seem, of the said Bartolo, for she is smiling at the gallant; and, heaven forgive me, but I verily believe that uplifted finger is going to her lips, just to sketch a kiss in the air. Below, two men are drinking at a table, and a waiter and chambermaid seem to be enjoying the little love-scene in which they, nevertheless, play but subordinate and mute parts. Good souls those, who can preserve themselves from the sin of envy, and so innocently take pleasure in the joys of others!

We skip half a century. The granddaughter of the fair lady who is listening to M. Weiss's gallant may have been the grandmother of the delightful little person painted by M. Kaemmerer with the title "In 1813." To tell the truth, we may very well ask why the painter gave his work any such title at all, for a glance at the lady's dress is enough to show exactly the year she dates from. Yes, it is the Empire beyond doubt, the end of the Empire, that we see in every detail of her costume, from the bonnet without a "curtain" to the reticule —or, as some will have it, ridicule—just coming into fashion, with the so-called waist of the dress high up under the arms, and the amazingly close-fitting skirt. It is a charming resurrection of 1813 and does the artist great credit.

Yesterday, in a room full of English, I heard much discussion of the two portraits which had chiefly struck them in the course of a visit

A MODERN TAME

to the Salon of the Champs-Elysées, those of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. A large majority expressed a preference for the former picture.

And why? Simply because Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur displays herself in her portrait in masculine attire. This was quite enough to justify an English circle in pronouncing the work if not "shocking" at least not "good form." Where is the true "æsthetic" to be found?

And this reminds me of an anecdote I heard told by Baron Adolphe de Rothschild, a great connoisseur in matters of art, as everyone knows. The Baron was in London at the time of a sale famous in the annals of toys and *vertu*, that of the Hamilton collection, and he had run up to a high figure the bidding for a little table he fancied. But he was outbidden by a more enthusiastic purchaser, and the lot was knocked down to his rival for an enormous sum.

Enormous as it was, however, the Baron being a thoroughgoing amateur, as soon as the hammer had fallen, regretted not having gone on to the end. He therefore made up his mind to offer to buy it from the purchaser, even at the cost of a further sacrifice. He made inquiries, and having ascertained that the table had become the property of Lord X., the Baron got himself introduced the same evening at the club, and at once offered him a handsome advance on his price if he would but surrender the table.

"Never, as long as I live," said the Englishman gently. "Not if you paid me its weight in five-pound notes."

"Then consider the offer withdrawn, but you are evidently a great connoisseur," replied the Baron politely, as he rose to depart.

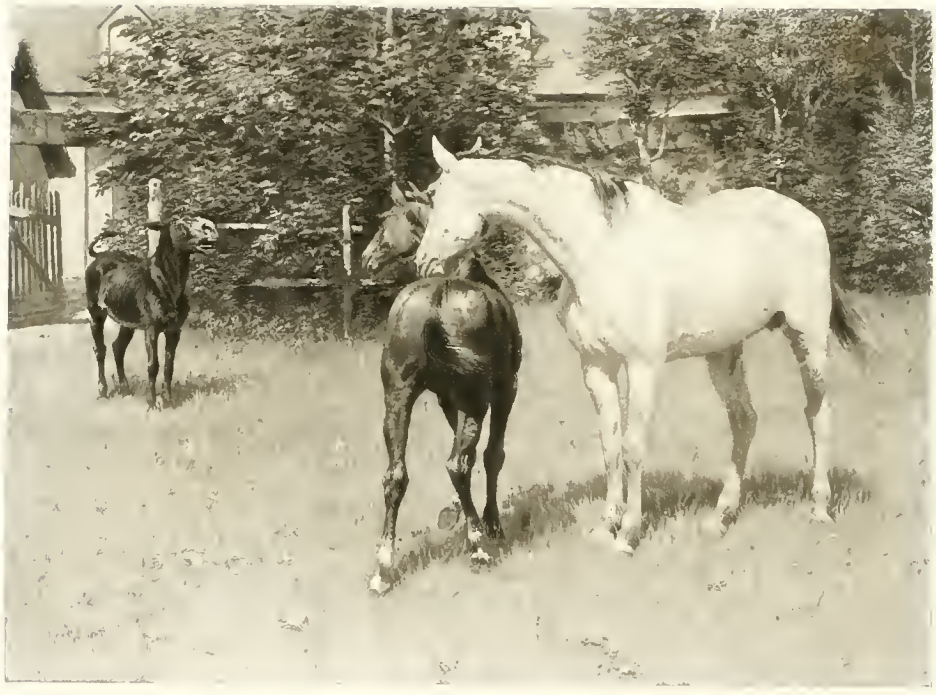
"A connoisseur! Not I!" replied Lord X. "I bought that little table because, on that table, before she married me, Lady X. was wont to take her tea and toast."

To this argument there was no answer possible. Baron Adolphe de Rothschild could only bow.

Well, a great many English are very like that estimable husband

Lord X., and allow themselves to be guided in matters of art by considerations wholly alien to art. But are they altogether wrong? I am not prepared to condemn them in principle, though I cannot be of their opinion as regards this portrait of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur.

All the more because, though the famous paintress wears her hair in a crop, and a blouse to work in—not to mention trousers—all this



did not scare one Englishman, English to the core, the Prince of Wales himself. When in the course of one of his recent visits, the heir to the crown of England found himself in Paris on the 1st of May, he did not care to be a spectator of the rowdy demonstration threatened by the working men on that day, in the Place de la Concorde; so he set out for Fontainebleau, to visit the studio of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. Now I should like to know why any loyal subject of Her Britannic

PAUL BOURGET

Majesty should affect greater fastidiousness in art than the Prince of Wales. I may add that this portrait is the work of a quite young lady, Mademoiselle Achille Fould, whose talent is more than promising, and who has very faithfully rendered all that is most feminine in her sitter, setting aside the artist's cropped hair and manly blouse.

As to the picture of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, if it is universally admired in the circle of English society of which I am writing, it is less perhaps for the merits of the work, which are at once self-evident, or for the richness and splendor of coloring that the painter has achieved, than for the overruling reason that Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been clever enough to maintain her position as a "great attraction" in England, though, in England as in France, idols are often soon dethroned and broken.

But then, you see, Madame Sarah Bernhardt is a diplomatist of the first rank. The great actress, from the moment of her first appearance in London, in—we will not mention the date for fear of gratifying her rivals—contrived very skilfully to be taken in tow by "Society." At that time, to be sure, she was so diaphanously slight as to make this a matter of no great difficulty. It was then that this delightful "par." appeared in one of the papers: "Loafed, yesterday, about the Théâtre Français. An empty carriage drove up and Madame Sarah Bernhardt got out of it."

The slender actress, in short, made use of the good references she had obtained before starting for England, with marvelous effect. The Prince and Princess of Wales and in their wake the greatest names of English aristocracy, made it a point of honor to receive her almost as they might have welcomed Doña Sol or a Queen of Spain in the very flesh. And since then, by her graces and tact, Madame Sarah Bernhardt has managed to retain her hold of the sceptre conferred on her by fashion. One of her most successful methods of pleasing has been the performance in England, and more especially in the British colonies, not of the pieces which are least understood and appreciated by our neighbors across the Channel, but the more interesting plays

written expressly for her by M. Sardou; and among them the *Cleopatra* as whom we here see her represented by the magic brush of M. Clairin. He gives us all the poetry of the part, including the slow pensive gaze "where galleys fly past," as José Maria de Hérédia says in a wonderful line.

There is a game sometimes played in which you are asked: "Who in the past would you rather have been?" An artist rarely fails to reply imperturbably: Michael Angelo. And it is true that the man who not only immortalized himself by Saint Peter's at Rome, but was the sculptor of the Penseroso (the name given to one of the statues of the Medici) after painting the Last Judgment, and could compose admirable sonnets between two sketches, two strokes of the modeling tool or the brush, was the highest embodiment of art in its various multiplicity. All that was wanting to his absolute supremacy was "to beat the record" in music—but in that case he would have been too greatly envied.

Of all the strings that great man had to his bow, M. Escalier can handle but two; but that is enough to distinguish him above the herd of artists who are inclosed in one single narrow department of art, nay one single field, and often restricted to a single formula of expression. M. Escalier is both architect and painter, and he exhibits at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées examples of his double function as a tasteful Jack-of-all-trades. They are panels intended to decorate a billiard room of his own designing. One of them represents the "Seasons," the other the "Morning Bath," and they both are so full of brilliancy, grace, and poetical feeling, that the players who may congregate in that billiard room are only too likely to be so much occupied in contemplating the painter's work as to miss most of their cannon-strokes.

I think I am correct in ascribing to M. de Goncourt the witty observation: "Nothing bears so much nonsense talked about it as a picture." I had ample opportunity for verifying the remark on the day after the public announcement of the list of prizes bestowed for this Salon of 1893, when I returned to the galleries.

Among the most characteristic absurdities I was allowed to overhear on this occasion, those I remember with the greatest relish were emitted by certain amateur critics such as abound at art-shows of every description. I saw and heard numbers of worthy folks, who would be puzzled to tell you whether an artist paints with a brush or with his finger-tips, pronouncing judgment with consummate confidence on the decisions of the jury. And I may add that those who approved of the awards could drop by the way quite as many idiotic remarks as did those who blamed them most bitterly.

Would you believe, for instance, that I heard a most worthy man, a great manufacturer in central France, as I was told, deploring the award of the jury while he stood in front of M. Roybet's "Charles the Bold?" Not that he disputed the fine qualities of the work; indeed he could apply the cant of art picked up and misused by the Philistines from the vocabulary of the studio: "Nicely handled," "full of atmosphere." No, what he objected to was the subject, the apotheosis of the military, as he said with a frown. And to two schoolboys, his sons, no doubt, who listened to him open-mouthed, the good man could say without a smile:

"Only last year a Medal of Honor was awarded to a picture by Detaille called 'The Dream,' representing soldiers who in their sleep foresaw their revenge. Now the offence is repeated in this display of armed men marching into a church with their helmets on. It is enough to give a handle to the Germans who accuse us of fostering warlike sentiments. It is a great blunder, at a time when we cannot be too cautious, in view of the efforts of the Prussian Government to secure the passing of the military law."

The same manufacturer—not, I need hardly say of material of war, nor even of army great-coats—fulminated against the trade of arms on finding that a prize was awarded to M. Maurice Orange for his "Siege of Saragoza."

"It will get us into hot water with the Spaniards," he asserted stoutly. "And I am sure we don't want that after the alteration in the commercial treaty!"

In vain did a wag slily suggest to our manufacturer that M. Orange, to judge from his name, might be a native of Valencia, which would diminish his responsibility as being a son of Spain, he could not score off the man of peace gone forth to do battle with the warlike proclivities of the jury of the Salon in the Champs-Élysées. Our friend only recovered his equanimity when he came to M. Schriver's "Battle of Flowers."

"Ah, that is better!" he exclaimed, soothed at once, "that is the only kind of battle I can endure. There is no bloodshed, unless a four-pounder bouquet hits you on the nose."

Another class of imbeciles who air their views at the Salon are diametrically opposed to these. They are nothing if not bellicose and blatant. A fairly considerable number of the public, Parisian and provincial alike, cannot allow that the jury should continue to throw open its doors to foreign artists. "Let these gentlemen become naturalized!" they cry with patriotic energy, and it is vain to represent to them that France has in all ages been proud to offer hospitality to the artists of other nations. They say that that is a fool's bargain.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOUTON

"Look at the United States," they say. "A great many young men born on the other side of the Atlantic have come to study in Paris, and have even received medals, among them Mr. Sargent. They go home again having learnt the methods of our schools, their talent perfected, I might almost say derived from the highest sources; then they get all the commissions of their fellow-countrymen, or if one or another of their patrons still prefers the work of French artists, the Government of the United States retorts: 'Then first pay 33 per cent. on every canvas purchased in France.' For a tax of one-third of the value—that is to say practically prohibitive—is all the return made to France for her liberality in opening first her painters' studios and then her Exhibition galleries to the young artists of the United States."

I cannot approve of this kind of ill-temper, nor of its way of venting itself. The agitators who fain would get us into trouble with America, seem to me quite as unreasonable as the alarmists who see us plunged into war with Germany and Spain on the score of a few military pictures.

In the first place the much talked of tax of 33 per cent. is not in perpetuity; the Chicago Exhibition may very possibly strike a blow at protection in the United States, for it has already been seriously shaken by the recent American elections; next, it must not be forgotten that the American artists residing in Paris have protested in a body, by signing a petition against this duty, thus plainly recognizing with gratitude the welcome they have always found among us.

And at any rate France will certainly never change. She is by nature hospitable. This vice is in her blood, as the people say. And hitherto it has brought her to no harm, not even in her own interests. Of the many foreign artists welcomed to France—and to the Salon—many settle in Paris, where their talent has been trained and found its bent. Thus they too contribute on their part to make Paris the greatest market for works of art perhaps in all Europe, the centre where American dealers, in their annual tours, first and most do congregate. Turn the foreigners out of the Salon, and Paris will not indeed find herself uncrowned, but Munich and Berlin may very possibly find cause for rejoicing in such blundering ostracism. Can it be supposed that Paris has derived no benefit from having monopolized, so to speak, all the productiveness of the Spanish school for the last thirty of forty years, and proclaimed, with the trumpet of fame, the merits of Fortuny, Zamacois, and many more? To-day even does not the Salon of the Champs-Élysées take a personal pride in the double success of the Italian painter Lessi, with his "Return of the Prince" and "Milton's Visit to Galileo?"

We may say indeed, without foolish boasting, that we fear nothing from the co-operation of foreign rivals. We are happy to welcome a Munkacsy, an Alma-Tadema, as we do this year at the Salon of the

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UNCLE AND NEPHEW

Champs-Élysées, a Burne-Jones, as we do at the Champ de Mars; but we have no fear of being submerged, annihilated by foreign art. A witty ambassadress once said of Paris that it was the tavern of Europe. Perhaps; but thanks to its enlightened hospitality it is also, and in both senses of the word, the *Salon* of Europe.

For my part, in the course of my visits to the galleries of pictures in the Champs-Élysées, my mind is occupied with less high matters than the struggle for life among nations. I am a member of that practical class of amateurs who, as they stop to look at a picture composed and painted to their mind, gauge their admiration by the standard of a simple question, asking themselves: "Should I like to see that picture on my own walls?" With a due exception, be it understood, of canvases of which the possession would imply that of a palace, with galleries fitted to receive works such as are familiar to us from the brush of M. Munkacsy, already mentioned, or M. Rochegrosse.

Again, the question: "Should I like to see that picture on my own walls?" is naturally contingent on the price that may be put on the work. You at once perceive the dilemma that must follow. The work being probably priced high—since I am conceited enough to believe that my preference does not fall on a mere daub—the question I ask myself has every chance of remaining platonically abstract and unanswered. *Ergo*: my dream must be of either having money enough to buy everything I may fancy—a commonplace wish which cannot interest you in the least—or of having so fine a scent for a good thing as to be able to select from the beginners in art those whose modesty would enable me to obtain their works at reasonable prices.

There was a man once to whom this idea had occurred; I forget his name, but he himself must be vividly remembered, I have no doubt, by several painters who have by this time reached the top of the tree.

He was a worthy citizen retired from business, who had always had a taste for pictures, but as he had small means for gratifying it, he

had constituted himself the guardian angel at a small cost of the pupils of drawing-schools, and of young artists working in the studios of famous painters. From these youths he would purchase drawings and sketches for a few francs, generally on the eve of a masked ball at the Opera, or merely at the Prado or the Chaumière. These beginners were well acquainted with Daddy X., and sometimes on impecunious days, frequent enough with Bohemians, they would of their own accord go to offer the worthy man some rough scrap dashed off at a moment's notice. This went on for about thirty years. Then Daddy X. died, and in a loft in his house thousands of sketches were found, signed with names since famous, which the owner had bought, if not literally for a morsel of bread, at any rate for the price of a domino for Shrove Tuesday or of a roast fowl for supper. The whole result was a fortune for his heirs. Indeed, the old dealer had formed a shrewd estimate of the value of the little surprise he was leaving behind him, for in his will he expressed himself to this effect: "In my little dealings in art I have often done good business, and sometimes a good action, and it has afforded me immense amusement."

The last statement is easy to believe. What, indeed, is the pleasure of acquiring a pretty table or a fine piece of tapestry, in comparison with that of becoming the owner of a drawing or a painting signed by an unknown genius? Your table or your tapestry may rise in value very possibly, and that rise will do credit to your judgment as a buyer beyond a doubt; but that is the extent of your satisfaction; whereas with the drawing or the picture of the unknown artist, you have not merely the joy of seeing the work in your possession increase in value by degrees as the artist's star advances gradually from the nebulous stage to shine among the more glorious constellations; you have the satisfaction of a Mæcenas who has discovered a genius doubtful perhaps of himself. For my part I can conceive of few artistic joys to compare with that.

But now you must not expect me to mention all the works by unknown artists exhibited in the Salon, of which I would willingly

become the owner. In the first place it would be a long business, and, besides, your taste might not be the same as mine, and it is I, perhaps, who am in the wrong. Also it is sometimes a dangerous enterprise to try to pick out the stars. From time to time the Directors of the Opera hold an examination of such chorus singers as they have remarked for their voices in an *ensemble*, quite ready to engage them at a good salary if they stand the test with success. In nine cases out of ten, after the trial the chorus singer humbly retires into the obscurity of the rank and file who sing: "Behold, behold, my lord is drowning," or "Hail the immortal glory of our fathers." Just such failure awaits the petty Providence of painters. How many "budding stars," to adopt a daring metaphor, are found in a few months' time to have been mere shooting stars? How many a Corot in embryo develops into something less than a Trouillebert? How many a son of Titian lays his brush down for life, even before his genius has immortalized the beauty of a Beatrice Donato?

Who can tell, indeed, whether an amateur would not do better business, and find quite as much satisfaction, if he turned to the veterans, the patriarchs? So long as M. Français or M. Harpignies will give us such pictures as "A Reminiscence of Bas-Meudon, Sunset," or "A Morning at Loups," why need we take up the pupils of the École des Beaux-Arts, whose object, perhaps, is to earn a few hundred francs by the beginning of next winter, to enable them to defy Senator Bérenger, and enjoy themselves at a Students' ball? In fact, with painters like MM. Harpignies and Français, talent, like fine Bordeaux wine, improves with age.

But are these the only artists whom time has not impaired? How can it be said that they alone enjoy this privilege when we glance down the list of the jury appointed by their peers, and among whom we find the names of the fathers of art. MM. Bonnat, Bouguereau, Luminais and Hébert—to mention no others—are they not still worthy of themselves—and no more can be said—in the pictures they have exhibited this year?

On the other hand, indeed, this list leaves us much to regret. Do you remember a picturesque canvas exhibited not so long since, representing an old Scottish cavalier seated at table surrounded by a company, all silent, and for an excellent reason, namely that they are not guests in the flesh. They are no more than the suits of armor of comrades killed in the wars, which the old laird has set up with tankards before them. Having no longer his trusty friends to sit round his festive board, he has conceived the pathetic idea of representing each man by the cuirass he wore in battle. Well, and a great many trusty champions of art are represented at the Salon of the Champs-Élysées by their armor, that is to say by their names alone. To begin with the second on the list of the jury selection, the illustrious Gérome, and to go on with those favorites of talent known as Detaille and Maignan, two medals of honor, if you please. How high must the average be of our painters generally if the disappearance, transitory though it be, of any pictures signed Gérome, Detaille or Maignan, cannot reduce the gallery of painting at the Salon des Champs-Élysées to the position of an exhibition of marked mediocrity, if not to total failure.

HAQUETTE. — *Returning into Port.*

E A LE
D'HONNEU

SCULPTURE

I remember having often heard that sparkling critic, Paul de Saint-Victor, draw an ingenious parallel between the life of a painter and the life of a sculptor in our day: "What a contrast!" he would exclaim, for, as a disciple of Victor Hugo, he loved antithesis. "The successful painter is assured of all the joys of existence; a fine house in the Parc Monceau, with stabling for six horses, a studio hung with rich and splendid stuffs, visits all day from the most agreeable men and women that Paris can show; in the evenings dinner-parties at the houses where the feeding is choicest, for our Amphitryons take care to receive M. Bonnat or Carolus-Duran as they would an ambassador. In short it is a life of enchantments that he leads, and M. Prudhomme would in these times curse a son who, having a turn for the profession of painting, should by preference go into business.

"Sculpture, on the contrary, is a melancholy art for those who practice it. The sculptor, even when successful, lives for the most part in the dreary purlieus of Montparnasse, in a studio on the ground-floor, where no artistic furniture finds a place, for he would smear every table and hanging with his fingers forever daubed with modeling clay. And indeed with what savings can he, like the painter, purchase dainty frippery? Who, besides a score or so of wealthy patrons, ever gives him a commission? The State, always the State. Now, as everyone knows, the funds set apart by the State for the acquisition of works of sculpture are very small, and the legislative Chambers have a tendency to pare them down rather than to add to them. Moreover, the rough-hewer and the model swallow up the greater part of the price paid by the Government for a sculptor's work."

All this is not far from the truth in its paradoxical way: but it also proves another fact, namely that a man does not become a sculptor in

these days but in obedience to a true vocation, which of itself merits respect from the public and the critics.

Hence, in concluding this review of the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, I am glad to find that I still have space at my disposal to say a few words about the show of sculpture.

This year two of the greatest masters of contemporary sculpture, M. Falguière and M. Barrias, have taken us by storm, to use a military phrase, which is not out of place at any rate so far as Falguière's statue is concerned, "Heroic Poetry." The effect is really quite martial of this splendid female figure with her hair floating on the wind and an inspired movement, ready, as it seems, to sing the fiery hymns which have spurred the soldiers of every age to victory or revenge.

M. Barrias exhibits a statue of "Nature unveiling her mysteries to Science," and a figure of "Architecture," a marble statue designed for a tomb. This great artist has never been better inspired than in these two works.

Side by side with these greater masters, MM. Frémiet, Charpentier, Jacquet, Peyre, Carlès, Suchetet, de Gontaut-Biron, de Kervéguen and a score of others have provided visitors to the sculpture with a pleasant accompaniment to the indulgence of a cigarette smoked in the society of the busts, which, to the profane, is the principal inducement to go down to the garden.

We may now be permitted to retire under this pleasant impression at the conclusion of our visit to the Champs-Élysées. It is, as we remarked at the beginning of this review, neither better nor worse than its predecessors, notwithstanding the formidable rivalry it has for some time had to endure from the Salon in the Champ de Mars, of which we are now about to speak.

SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE

DES

BEAUX-ARTS

PAINTING

I

HAVE you ever observed that we French are always haunted by a mania for prize giving on any and every pretext? It is enough to make one fancy that we all have the blood of head-schoolmasters in our veins. If conversation flags in the long evenings in a country house, at once the discussion turns on who should take the first and second places among poets, painters, statesmen, or, at a

pinch, among such bicyclists as may be known by name. You might suppose that a standing record was kept, and that we—the public—amused ourselves by constituting ourselves platonically the judges and umpires of the field. After all, I can but say that it is an occupation which hurts no one, and, as Captain Bourgachard expressed it, it is better than going to the tavern; but it is very evident that the rivalry existing these three years past between the Salon at the Champs-Élysées and that at the Champ de Mars could not fail to give rise to comparisons tantamount, in fact, to what I have called a distribution of prizes, some people awarding the first medal to the elder exhibition, and allowing to the younger a mere *proxime accessit*, or *vice versa*.

In the Paris club where, perhaps, such matters of art are most discussed—as indeed is but its duty to its title—it need hardly be said that two camps exist, that of the Elysians and that of the Martians—pardon the neologism. The numerous amateurs who belong to this club fight eagerly, but always with courtesy, over the counterbalancing merits and demerits of their favorite Salon. The reasons and objections brought forward and refuted on either side may be summed up in the form of some such animated and vehement dialogue as this.

The Elysians.—In the first place, our Salon leads the van. It is the only genuine article! The only genuine article! It is close to everything, all roads lead to it, in the very heart of fashionable Paris.

The Martians.—You might think we had settled in the deserts of Dahomey! As long as the cabmen are not on strike, our Exhibition is easily reached in a quarter of an hour's drive from the Madeleine, the very center of Paris. And those who have not time to drive can walk by the prettiest road in the world, wide and shady all the way.

The Elysians.—We exhibit 1828 canvases. The visitor gets his franc's worth.

The Martians.—We have only hung 1093, on purpose not to fatigue the attention of the public. So the visitor never has cause to regret his franc.

The Elysians.—Well, we at any rate award prizes, medals, honorable mentions. These supply a stimulus to the artist of which he appreciates the value when he comes to selling his pictures.

The Martians.—That is all very well, but you overdid your prize giving. And the proof of their having lost their value is that our clients increase every day, and that they are not attracted to you by the stimulus of which you boast. And then they find compensation for these vain baubles in the permission we afford them to exhibit an unlimited number of works.

The Elysians.—If you had any criticism to offer or reforms to propose, you had every opportunity of doing it without going so far as a schism, and suddenly severing yourselves from our society.

The Martians.—It was because you would not accept our criticisms, because those reforms clashed with your spirit of routine, that we were forced to part from you.

The Elysians.—At least if we are in the wrong road, it is with the best guides. Those who follow in the footsteps of Bonnat, J. P. Laurens, Cabanel, and a score of others need not fear to find themselves going astray.

The Martians. — Nor will they go any further astray if they follow Puvis de Chavannes into his vast shadowy woods, or keep their eye on the plume of M. Carolus-Duran.

And so on. And the Martians and Elysians continue their wrangling with renewed vehemence before the impartial gallery. And the beauty of it all is that *à propos* to this schism—since it is a schism—mere amateurs, common outsiders, are now more royalist than the king. They take part and side with one Salon or the other with far more petulance and bitterness than the artists themselves do by this time.

They, indeed, seem much calmed down. Two years ago, I admit, in the studios, as in the clubs such as I have just alluded to, the relations between the orthodox artists—those of the Champs-Élysées—and the dissenters—those of the Champ de Mars—were sometimes very

decidedly strained. I remember being present at discussions which I feared might end in the parties to them supplying M. Gérome with a subject, if that admirable artist would be tempted to paint another fancy-dress duel—without the fancy dress. All this noble indignation has now died out. Not merely have the painters who talk over the works exhibited at the rival galleries ceased to dispute the talent of those who send to the Salon where they themselves do not exhibit; some even go so far as to give preference, on the whole, to that Salon to which they have sent nothing. Who knows? Perhaps this waning century will not come to an end before a stupendous kiss of peace has set the seal on a solemn reconciliation between brothers, whom we cannot indeed call enemies, but only a little divided.

The immense majority of our contemporaries, who have never felt tempted to take a side in these debates, find the Salon of the Champs-Élysées interesting to visit, but so is the Champ de Mars as well. And really it is a case in which we may surely give up the mania for distributing prizes of which I spoke just now, and take example by the infantine impartiality to which we owe the admirable and

by no means compromising formula: "I love papa, I love mamma."

I may only add, as an unbiassed historian of the phenomena of Parisian life, that women generally, apart from all æsthetic considerations, have a weakness for the Champ de Mars. Why is this? Because they are grateful to it for having displayed special consideration for them, by arranging drawing-rooms where they may rest between whiles when visiting the exhibition galleries, or even swallow a cup of tea in the company of the wives of the most distinguished artists—ladies who do the honors of their house with the most perfect and charming good grace.

In speaking of this I am led to echo the sentiments of many Parisian ladies, and thank M. Guillaume Dubufe for the intelligent and artistic zeal he has displayed in the furniture and appointments of the Champ de Mars. M. Dubufe started very wisely with the idea that a Salon ought to be really and truly a drawing-room; and obvious as this may seem at first, we know very well that the idea has not always prevailed, and that formerly, on more than one occasion, an exhibition of art, when left to the tender mercies of careless deputies, deserved the nickname it received of "picture market" rather than picture gallery. Nay, and the word "picture" even was inapplicable in the description.

We have now to consider whether the picture—or, to be accurate, the pictures at the Champ de Mars—are worthy of the frame. The contents have in so many cases disappointed those who admire the casket that some doubts on the subject are permissible. Still, without committing ourselves too far, we may affirm as a general statement that, all question of superiority in either Salon being entirely set aside, the Salon of the Champ de Mars appeals more particularly to the attention of those who cry all day long:

"Something new we must have, though there be nothing new under the sun."

Without being precisely the Salon of the youngsters, the Champ de Mars opens its doors to much that is audacious and even outrageous. Some may be of opinion that it has given shelter to more than one

example of wild eccentricity: no one can accuse it of being commonplace.

At any rate no one, you may be very certain, will formulate this complaint in speaking of M. Roll's "Centenary Festival," with which we will begin our review of the Champ de Mars. M. Roll might be accused—though indeed there is no ground for the indictment—of every conceivable form of art-treason, but never of having fallen into the "flat, stale, and unprofitable" groove of platitude. In spite of its title, his "Centenary Festival" is young. It is quite *fin de siècle*, as it is bound to be above all else.

TWAN

Another not less remarkable merit may be noted. This "Centenary Festival" is alive, absolutely living. There is nothing rigid or set in the faces of the spectators, or the movements of the populace that is swarming round the basins of Versailles. All these people have not sat for their portraits. We feel that they are there on their own account, gesticulating and shoving to get a better view of M. Carnot, supported by his two ministers at that time, M. de Freycinet and M. Tirard.

We may form some idea of the difficulties the painter had to face in treating such a subject, exhaling monotony as it does at every pore. What opportunity could it afford of utilizing the magic effects of a palette which rejoices in variety of hue? How he must have groaned in spirit at the thought that he would have only to squeeze endless tubes of black and white, to represent the desperately unvaried colors

PARIS
VILLE D'ORLEANS
DE
TOUT SE GLORIE

of masculine attire on occasions of official ceremonial, black coat and trousers, and white shirt front! And did he not find himself then condemned to work up a sort of personal new edition of the black-and-white exhibition?

Happily, however, for himself, M. Roll is a man not to be caught napping. After bewailing for some time the vexatious necessity for using so much black and white—not black on white, which is the writer's task—he set to work to consider by what skilful ingenuity he might introduce other colors without injuring the historical truthfulness of his picture. Hence among his groups of official personages he has very cleverly thrown in some spots of color with the happiest effect: certain *sergents de ville*, for instance, to whom he has very shrewdly given a look of easy good humor, so as not to excite the ire of cabmen on strike, or demonstrating students; and by the side of these guardians of the public peace he has introduced the bright many-tinted dresses of young girls and the gorgeous red robe of a judge of the High Court.

Shall I set forth the names of all the personages who figure in the "Centenary Festival," some of them striking likenesses? I must beg to be excused the task, and for two reasons; the first is that the list has already been given, more or less complete, in many papers; and the second is that it would be rather sad to give a name to every face here. Some of these political men are, in fact, already forgotten, though it is but a year since the artist began his work; and others have sunk into more or less deserved unpopularity. Not one of them, excepting M. Carnot, holds his place at this moment of writing. And there would be a certain melancholy irony in accentuating the instability of men and things, as we gaze at an historical scene which was supposed to establish the quasi-perennial character of a form of government.

But these more or less philosophical reflections in no way detract from the value of M. Roll's picture. The artist has, once more, accomplished one of those successes to which he has accustomed us, and

which he seems to achieve merely as a pastime. I have in fact heard certain of his friends, and even of his fellow-artists, pity him for the immense labor to which he had devoted himself, with all the studies and sketches he must have made, and the setting of models he must have gone through; but I could not share their compassion, for I happen to remember a note written by the painter to one of his friends, which, without any preamble or cause, concludes with the enthusiastic exclamation: "Hurrah for painting!" M. Roll painted the "Centenary Festival" in the course of one year, working from seven in the morning till six in the evening. Why pity him? Why not rather envy him for having achieved in many days a task which he executes so lovingly?

The poet who said: "The world has one city—Paris," certainly deserved that the city he thus deified should be grateful to his memory. No one, therefore, will be surprised to see the Hôtel de Ville the richer ere long by a work symbolizing the reciprocal admiration that existed in Paris and Victor Hugo.

The work is signed with a not less illustrious name, that of M. Puvis de Chavannes, and is called "Victor Hugo doing homage to the City of Paris."

The Victor Hugo depicted by the artist is the poet grown old, as the younger generation can only have known him, the veteran with a white beard, whom we can recollect as we saw him one morning walking up the Rue de Clichy, his head bent, his step still brisk, and as he reached the top of the street, climbing up one of the omnibuses that run to and from the Boulevards extérieurs, and perching himself on the top. A legend is current that it was in this position that the author of *Les Rayons et les Ombres* composed his latest verses, most of which appeared in the posthumous editions of his works. We must at any rate suppose that the poet took keen pleasure in looking down on Paris from the altitude of a high driving seat, for it is a well-known fact that, during his life-time, he gave away a round sum to omnibus conductors, in remembrance of the hours he had spent on the top of their vehicles.

L. Barrau

In the picture by M. Puvis de Chavannes, the patriarchal poet, his figure wrapped in a sort of grey peplum, is marching solemnly towards the City of Paris, who, dressed likewise *à la grecque*, sits awaiting the poet's homage. Victor Hugo is attended by a muse carrying his lyre.

Behind him three female figures float in mid-air. Each of them personifies one of Victor Hugo's most famous works, *Les Contemplations, La Légende des Siècles*, and *Les Châtiments*. It might have been desired that this last work, fine as it is, should have been superseded by some other of a calmer and more impartial tone; but, with this protest, it is impossible to dispute the fact that the artist has conceived a masterly personification of the *Châtiments*, under the aspect of a magnificent Amazon, armed with the sword and blowing a clarion-call to vengeance.

A great sense of repose in strength pervades this composition, with its lines of simple purity. M. Puvis de Chavannes has, on his part, too, revealed himself as a great poet under the influence of his subject, and the Hôtel de Ville may presently congratulate itself on the results of its happy magnetism. For this ceiling will undoubtedly be one of the greatest attractions of our great Town Hall for visitors of taste, whether French or foreigners.

The *dilettanti* who prefer less stupendous subjects than those in which M. Puvis de Chavannes delights, will find plenty to fall back

on in the Champ de Mars. Domestic scenes are plentiful, and among them not a few are charmingly treated. Nothing, for instance, can be more dainty than this young girl coming out of church with her prayer-book under her arm, and descending the steps, her skirts brushing the squatting beggars. On her head she wears a kind of white mantilla, and a shawl with a tassel that betrays her Spanish origin, for there can be no doubt that M. L. Barrau, who hails from Barcelona, has taken a fellow-countrywoman for a model. But she is a Spanish damsel with downcast eyes and modest demeanor, not that audacious Marquesa d'Amaegui who inspired Musset to write the famous ballad :

"Did you see in Barcelona ?"

Not less devout, but less self-conscious, are M. Melchers' three peasant women at vespers, in their very finest Sunday array. Stiff and motionless, their eyes fixed on vacancy, they mutter a prayer as women firmly resolved to set an example of the best behavior in "Monsieur le Curé's church," as a good rustic dame of my acquaintance says. Before and behind the group range rows of benches, where men are seated, but few and far between, for it is a known fact that few countrymen of the younger generation are apt to attend vespers.

The artist has indeed painted them all with grey hair, and one of them with a grey moustache and imperial, which give him a marked resemblance to General de Galliffet.

Another religious subject, but more in the nature of an episode, is the very remarkable "Wayside Cross" of M. Courtens. A cart, drawn by a horse which a peasant guides, is passing a wayside cross. Two old women, following on foot, are prepared to make the customary sign of the cross as they come by the image of the Crucified Savior. Here, again, the effect is produced by the harmonious simplicity of the general treatment and the details. It is all the more complete and captivating.

It must be a real pleasure to a painter to catch a woman in the

very act of reading, sitting to him quite unconsciously, and in such a pretty attitude. The interest she takes in her book, the turn of her throat as she bends forward, the lustre of her eyes, betraying the sympathy she feels for the unmerited misfortunes of a favorite heroine—all this must be very tempting to an artist, especially when the hand that wields the brush is as sure of its mastery as that of M. von Stetten.

The painter has taken from the very life a woman reading, as so many women read in this Paris of ours, where time flies so fast. The lady is dressed to pay the round of calls she is due to make to-day. One of her hands is ready to close the volume, but the book interests her so much! "Just one chapter more." And can she really have the heart to disturb the adorable silky-haired dog that has curled itself upon the edge of her skirt? It cannot be helped, her fair friends must wait for her, and her fair enemies too, over five o'clock tea!

On the other hand, you must not expect M. Blanche's "Kitty" to remain at home. And it would indeed be a pity for everyone's sake that she should not fly round receiving homage, or that all the world should not see that fascinating brunette head, and that love of a straw hat, under whose broad brim straggle such bewitching black curls. Miss Kitty, notwithstanding her Anglo-Saxon name, has rather the appearance of a fashionable Mignon, regretting not so much the orange groves of Italy, as the garden-parties on the Pincio at Rome, or in the vicinity of Sorrento.

This work bears witness, at any rate, to the great versatility of M. Blanche's talent; for the same hand that has painted the delicate sylph-like profile of Miss Kitty, has given full value to the clear-cut regularity of feature of M. Leconte de Lisle.

A large proportion of the living generation of Frenchmen has lived till now under the illusion that the English are not an artistic nation. This misapprehension arises in the first place from our sublime indolence, which allows so few of us to go to the National

Gallery in London, and there admire the pictures by Constable, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. Then it must be owned that, though there are at this day some great artists in England, their number is comparatively limited, so much so that the English, to increase their forces, not unfrequently claim as their fellow-countrymen certain painters to whom England is only a land of adoption, Herkomer, for instance, and Alma Tadema.

But it is none the less certain that the striking individuality of the English school of painting gives it very great interest in the eyes of amateurs, and everyone knows that the modern French school of landscape has been infected by the feeling for truth and respect for nature which are so justly esteemed by artists on the northern side of the Channel.

It is on this ground, too, that the visitors to the Champ de Mars, this year, have so eagerly welcomed the three pictures sent by Mr. E. Burne-Jones. He is thoroughly English, born at Birmingham, and not less English by the idealistic character stamped on his work. Horace's line, *Ut pictura poesis erit,* would seem to be the motto adopted by Mr. Burne-Jones, as by many of his fellow-Englishmen. Does this mean to convey that this artist owes everything to his native soil, to national training, and, as we may say, atavism? Not at all, for the influence of Italian art, especially of the preraphaelites, is very perceptible in the three pictures here exhibited: "Perseus," "Portrait of a child," and "The Depths of the Sea."

This last is perhaps the most *suggestive* of the three, to use the cant of the day. Down to the mysterious depths to which we are transported by the poet's vision, a siren has drawn a youth who makes but a feeble resistance to the fay's witchery; for it is not every one that is so determined as wise Ulysses, and stuffs his ears with wax as he sails past the enchantress of the ocean. At the same time, we may confess that this mythical siren fails to realize completely such a notion of feminine witchery as our sceptical age is likely to

A [illegible]

conceive of. The idea of a form half-woman, half-fish must always seem slightly absurd to modern Frenchmen. For, after all, however divinely lovely the face may be, it must be difficult to fall in love with a being whose lower half we might feel tempted to eat with caper sauce. Mr. Burne-Jones, however, never for a moment thought of such an irreverent caricature of a mythological impersonation. He has succeeded in giving his siren the aspect of irresistible seductiveness that Homer attributes to her kind, while stamping her with an indescribable and delightful "Keepsake" air which makes her very happily modern and English.

M. Dubufe *fils* brings us to the surface once more, for his "Bather" is emerging, still shivering, from her ablutions, and is draped—very slightly—with a gauze scarf. We see her back, and she is barefoot. Her elegant slippers are left on one of the steps. It might in truth be said that besides her gauze scarf she is also clothed in her hair, which is magnificent; still, to be frank, it must be added that this flowing fell, being thrown forward, only conceals that part which we do not see. However, we have no ground for quarrel with the painter on the score of either subject or treatment, for his infinite skill has kept it free from all suggestion of sensuality. His "Bather" is a fine work of art, and at the same time one of the most exquisite acts of homage ever paid to the eternal feminine.

Three more bathers may be seen, all in one picture, signed by M. Aublet, and called "July;" and we may regard them at our pleasure as the three Graces, or the three goddesses who tempted the Arcadian shepherd Paris. All three are indisputably beautiful, though dissimilar both in features and in attitude. The first is seated, her feet already in the water, and is knotting up her hair with a pretty movement of her uplifted arms. The second sits further back, one elbow resting easily on her knee, while she looks aside at the third, who stands, half draped in a white wrapper, awaiting the moment when she shall splash into the water. All three are confident of perfect seclusion and safety on the banks of the lake,

under the great sheltering oaks. They have no fear of intruders, like the "Young Diana," another picture in the Champ de Mars, by M. Boutet de Monvel, who is brandishing her bow and arrows, ready to transfix the audacious wretch who should hide among the shrubbery to watch her. Two alert hounds follow the goddess closely. Her slender frame, her face at once bold and innocent, quite realize the idea which Greek mythology has given us of the huntress goddess.

The fair one who has inspired M. de Montzaigle with his study called "Morbidezza" leaves a very different impression on us. There is nothing of Diana about her, for, to judge by her lips half parted in a smile, and the soft invitation of her drooping eyelids, she looks more as though she were awaiting Actæon than as though she feared him. And certainly, besides the admiration of her lovers, she is secure of that of the public, for all the details of the picture, the grace of her bust, and lax attitude of her hands, from which the fan is about to drop, all things, down to the grand stuffed head of the beast on which the lady's foot is resting, compose one of the most delightful studies of fashionable prettiness that we have seen for a very long time.

Now for a little country air, if you please. We will be led by M. Guignard as he guides his flock to a pool in the pale twilight. We have here a huddled mass of sheep which the lamented Charles Jacques would have been proud to sign. The landscape where these harmless quadrupeds are moving is very attractive, full of truth and poetic sentiment, at that doubtful hour of the evening which in French goes by the name of *entre chien et loup*, and since here we have the sheep the words are doubly significant.

Next to a pond comes a pool. We are rising in the scale. In M. H. Saintin's pleasing picture called "Morning," a boatman who has shipped his oars is blandly enjoying the mere fact of existence, on the pretty pool of Cernay, known to so few Parisians simply because it is at some few kilometers from Paris.

Diana

SHEEP DRINKING — TWILIGHT

M. Firmin-Girard's talent is one which appeals especially to women, for it flatters their ever growing passion for flowers, and at the same time almost always transports them into elegant, that is to say very feminine, surroundings.

Thus we have seen the smartest women of Paris pausing before his "Chrysanthemums under Snow," and "A Horticulturist's Garden," and all with an appearance of being distinctly impressed. Melancholy, in fact, is the prevailing note in the former of these pictures, which shows us a young woman closely wrapped up and treading the "white pall of winter," as the poets have it, along an avenue of leafless trees. In front of her are her little girl and a dog. The little girl is as warmly dressed as her mother, while the dog—and we must really point out this unaccountable blunder—is clothed only in his skin! As if a really loving mistress ought not to take off her own pelisse to wrap him in. This, however, is the only fault we can find with this agreeable picture, which is full of indescribable truth and charm.

The key of "A Horticulturist's Garden" being wholly spring-like, it is for that very reason more joyous. We can see that this fair Parisian, dressed in the latest fashion, is enjoying herself hugely as

she walks past the beds and shrubberies. We see how she longs to steal all this wealth of beauty, and scatter it in *jardinières* or arrange long garlands to decorate her dinner-table for a party. For, of all the exquisitely useless superfluities known to the world, flowers have, within the last ten years, become the most necessary, according to Voltaire's definition; nor can we regret it, when such a painter as M. Firmin-Girard seizes on the wing this pleasing phase of fashion as the theme of one of his happiest efforts.

Do you remember one of the most amazing episodes of war in the whole of our military history—and they are not easily numbered—the capture in Holland of the enemy's ships on the ice by French hussars during the campaigns of the Revolution? M. Delort has not actually represented this feat of arms, inasmuch as that he does not depict the battle to which it led, but merely a cavalry reconnaissance on the sea-shore at Kalwick. His work has, nevertheless, a highly original military stamp, with these troopers marching boldly on at low tide, trusting to the word of a peasant couple who are their guides. M. Delort is famous, as we know, for his dash and spirit. This picture, again, has been dashed off at first hand.

It is much the same sea as M. Delort's, the sea of the Low Countries, that M. Mesdag sets before us, as a faithful son of the Netherlands. In his "Boats coming in from the Sea" the artist gives us the exact presentment of the famous rollers which so often break with inconceivable fury on the sand hills of Scheveningen. M. Mesdag's fishing boats are in no little peril, the foam sweeps over them in a powdery cloud of dazzling whiteness. It is high time, we feel, that the crews should pour overboard a few quarts of oil, the beneficent panacea now recognized as being more efficacious against the raging of the waters than the *quos ego* of the Neptune of the Eneid. God help them at any rate, poor fellows, for it is blowing hard out there on the horizon where the clouds gather blackness, and the women at home must be anxious!

Happily for us calm dawns again on the spirit as we look at

C. DeLort

M. Couturier's "Boat-race." Here the sea plays the more amiable part of principal in a regatta. Five naval officers, and a sailor behind them, standing dutifully in the background, are watching with much interest a race of which the vicissitudes can threaten no danger on a

sea as smooth as the pond in the Tuileries. Nay, we could almost wish that a gust from M. Mesdag's tempest might blow in this direction, for the sailing barques out on the horizon have the prospect of lying to, when it would be so pleasant to scud over the waters with all canvas set.

* * *

Those Parisians or strangers who have been to the Exhibition of Portraits of the 19th Century got up by the Association of Paris Journalists, were unanimous in regarding the case lent by M. Edmond de Goncourt as one of the most interesting exhibits. The author of *Germaine* has in fact lent to the committee of the exhibition a very remarkable selection from the collected works which make his villa at Auteuil a perfect museum. It consists of a series of imaginative or other works presented to M. de Goncourt by the painters, each having ingeniously added a presentment of his own features; a sort of magnified visiting card, in short, and it must be owned far more interesting

to have and to keep, when, as we see at once is the case in these offerings to M. de Goncourt, the portrait is worth the having. This, for instance, is evident as regards the portrait of the Princesse Mathilde by M. Doucet, which heads a writing by the Princess, given to M. de Goncourt.

But one of the gems of the collection is the portrait of M. de Goncourt himself by M. Eugène Carrière. Everybody has admired it, and with good reason. Now a large share of this enthusiasm must be bestowed on M. Carrière's exhibit at the Champ de Mars this year. Four pictures—four portraits—with the added circumstance, very pleasing to the spectator, that one of the pictures includes six portraits, a whole family, and moreover a family from which the sterner sex is excluded, which by no means spoils the work. Nothing can be sweeter in its poetical softness of effect than these faces over which the mother's seems to preside; a rather sad though noble countenance, from which the others, those of her daughters, borrow a calm and peaceful light.

The character given by M. Tofano to his "Portrait of Madame G.D." is equally pensive and serious. As we have not the honor of knowing this lady, even by sight, we will not venture to give an opinion as to the likeness, but that the picture is a matchless work of art no one can dispute for a moment.

I may add that the artist has placed his sitter in her own home, surrounded by her familiar possessions, and I cannot too emphatically express my wish that this method of treatment might be adopted as far as possible in all cases. I am well aware that various reasons make it on many grounds a difficult matter, and especially that the artist cannot be constantly absenting himself from his studio; still, it would be a good thing, I must insist, if these portraits "at home" became more generally the rule. Portraits, and especially those of women, are often criticised because the style of dress, which is always changing from year to year, dates them too exactly. This fault is to some extent avoided when the figure is placed in a setting which need not change; with a sofa, for instance in antique satin, or fine carved paneling, as

PORTRAITS

PORTRAIT OF MRS C. D.

in M. Tofano's picture. The only trouble then is that the dress may become old-fashioned, but even here time may be to some extent cheated by representing the lady—again as M. Tofano has done—with a low or half-low dress. Bare shoulders and arms, thank Heaven, will not go out of fashion, even a hundred years hence, when the portrait under discussion will still be regarded with interest and pleasure.

One of the merits of M. Duez, and he has many, is that he is not a slave to any one special line of subjects. I am well aware of the temptations which beset a painter from the day when he has achieved a sudden success in one particular style. By repeating his work ten or twenty times with slight variations, he saves himself, in the first place, the fatigue of exerting his imagination, and he also has better chances of selling than if he started on a new path; but this is all the more reason for commending those artists who do not plod up and down the track they themselves have beaten. It is a pleasure, therefore, to note that M. Duez exhibits his talent at the Champ de Mars under two very different aspects. "A little pond by the Château de Landal," and "A Parisian."

This "Parisian" is an elegant young woman, dressed from head to foot in a winter walking costume, as we may see from the fur collar which entirely conceals the throat and ears, and wraps the chin to the lips. The effect is quite charming, and we congratulate M. Duez most sincerely, not forgetting to attribute a due share of his success to the model who inspired him, and who is none other than Madame Duez. The likeness is so striking that there can be no indiscretion in revealing the name of the lady in question.

Like M. Duez, M. Courtois has a facile brush. At the same time, while sending to the Champ de Mars "An evening on Lake Maggiore" and an allegorical composition called "Anxious Humanity," he gives fresh proof of his long known and appreciated skill as a portrait painter.

His portrait of Madame Spitzer is a work of sterling merit. It would not be too much to say that it was sensibly wanting to the famous

gallery recently sold by the lady's husband, and that it is worthy to form the nucleus of a new collection.

* * *

Dare I confess that before seeing M. Castiglione's picture entitled "A Morning with Cardinal Rezzonico, Venice, 16th Century," it had never been my fortune even to hear Cardinal Rezzonico's name. I knew vaguely that Clement XIII. belonged to a family of that name; but Clement XIII., the Pope from whom we took the Comtat Venaissin, was later by a hundred years than the hero of M. Castiglione's picture. There can therefore be no confusion of the two persons. And the earlier Rezzonico cannot have left any very vivid impression on the memory of man, for no trace of him is to be found in the best-known historical and biographical dictionaries.

It is enough for us to know that, according to M. Castiglione, Cardinal Rezzonico must have been a jolly fellow in his day, for the "morning" represented by the painter differs but little in point of gaiety and liveliness from most of our Paris five o'clock teas. Not that flirting is as yet all-pervading, but the young ladies who wear ruffs or hats and feathers of the latest fashion, have a contented and engaging air that is pleasant to behold, while they listen to the singing of a young monk, accompanied by a beautiful damsel and by another monk, who bends enraptured over his violin.

It would be hard to find a more conscientious artist than M. Castiglione. His "Morning in the Palazzo Rezzonico" is a resurrection of the past. As we study the details, we are ready to share the poet's enthusiastic regrets over the period of history which this painting illustrates :

> "To think I might have lived in those brave times!
> When Italy was seething with new life,
> When demi-gods of glorious descent
> Might flaunt to Heaven, which blest them with such fate,
> The Gonfalon of Siena or of Florence;
> Might be, at Milan, Sforza, or at Rome,
> Colonna; and deal blows which sometimes rang
> On Bayard's helm or that of France's King."

A MORNING WITH CARDINAL [illegible]

VENICE 16TH CENTURY

AN AVENUE IN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES

(A FINE MORNING)

The *matinée* at the Cardinal's is a pleasant respite amid this sword-play of parry and thrust, a sort of gallant truce to the fury of battle where the best blood of Italy was shed "in those brave times."

Here again we have a monk, in the picture which M. Frappa calls "A Mendicant." And a monk, too, who does not turn our thoughts to sadness. Less poetical than M. Castiglione's, he does not hold a violin, but, saving your presence, neither more nor less than a pig, which he would seem to be displaying to the world as a godsend, his countenance is so radiant with beatific joy. A man who is so delighted to clasp a pig in his arms can surely never have the heart to eat it presently, roasted, or pickled for ham. The beast himself has indeed a look of assurance of salvation on earth, for there is a touch of roguery in his smile, showing that he feels perfectly safe in the embrace of the worthy friar.

It is altogether a very amusing picture, and though a priest figures in it, it has no political meaning whatever. There is no fear that M. Frappa's work will revive the debate on religious fraternities.

M. Raffaelli has long taken delight in painting the ultra-democratic side of Paris life. We recollect some striking studies by him, representing a hospital garden perhaps, or a hungry, flat, and squalid suburban landscape. There is all the more reason for amazement when the visitors to the Champ de Mars see the new style of subject chosen by M. Raffaelli in his "Avenue in the Champs-Élysées."

The painter of the suburbs has indeed given us a real surprise, and surpassed himself, for this picture might almost be ascribed to M. Doucet, M. Lynch, or even to Madame Madeleine Lemaire, it is so entirely correct and elegant. The nurses in the foreground are dressed in the very latest mode adopted for this particular class of servants, on whom the lady mothers lavish as much coquettish care as on the babies in their charge. As to the children trundling their

hoops in front of their mamma, and the couples promenading in the Avenue, there is not the very slightest mistake to be criticised from the point of view of the grammar of good taste. M. Raffaelli may be proud of having given such an air of style and fashion to his Champs-Élysées that nothing seems lacking but the figure of the Prince de Sagan.

Magnificence and misery. After the splendor of the most brilliant promenade in the world, comes the squalor of "Gypsies camping out in the open country." The artist, M. Castres, has painted the wanderers at the moment when they have just unharnessed their horses. The beasts are trying to find a mouthful to munch under the snow, while the men and women huddle by the wayside. The men are lighting their pipes, and the women keeping an eye on the gambols of a tame bear whose huge hairy paw seems ready to crush a tambourine which has rolled out of the cart. The picturesque scene gives a good idea of what we may imagine to be the adventurous existence of these strange races, living from hand to mouth; Bohemians whose origin is a mystery, and whose very name would be a bugbear but that Mürger has touched it with a magic hand.

* * *

"When I am dead," said Francis I., "I will be carried out hunting in my coffin." The fine gentlemen, in costumes of the time of the

"A HUNTING LODGE"

knightly king, set by M. Lesrel in an open hunting-lodge, look as though they, like their sovereign, had a passion for the noble slaughter of the chase. Meanwhile the painter shows them resting in a pause between two great *battues*; one, sitting with his gun between his knees, is studying with keen delight a glass of wine, smiling at it as a connoisseur; the other, who is standing, holds out his glass as though to drink his comrade's health. Behind the two sportsmen the hostess approaches, bearing a noble venison pasty with the solemnity that becomes the importance of her guests and the dish. A fine deer and a pheasant, lying lifeless on the ground, bear witness to the skill of the sportsmen.

If you have ever been in the south, or ever read the smallest tale describing the manners and customs of that blest corner of France, you cannot be ignorant of the joys of a game at bowls. The amusement, to be sure, is not essentially southern, but what has given it a right to naturalisation in the south of France is the incredible ardor with which the peasants and laborers devote themselves to it, in every department where the *langue d'oc* prevails, on Sundays, and eke on week days.

M. Montenard, a southerner himself, has not failed to note the game of bowls as one of the most individual and picturesque characteristics of the life of the people among whom he loves to dwell. The picture he here exhibits is captivatingly truthful; the players stand out under the pitiless blue of a Provence sky, arranging or shooting their bowls under the eyes of a gallery eager, as we can feel, to applaud or abuse a good or bad stroke with a vivacity of tongue and gesture that are full of local color. Nothing can be more thoroughly "open air."

M. Jeanniot takes us back into a green and quiet nook, where, again, a game is to be watched. But here we have not the ancient game of bowls, but that on which Chamillard founded his reputation, two centuries ago, and, in our own day, Slosson and Vignaux, to mention no more than two names.

The billiard table to which M. Jeanniot introduces us did not sit to the painter in any aristocratic club, or private residence "up to date." It is a relatively small table, with a dusty green cloth, such as we see in the little *cafés* of small country towns. The two players, one old and one young, are in their shirt-sleeves, the classic attire, for who can tell how many cannons have been missed in consequence of a sleeve coming in the way, or a coat tail hindering the stroke. The old man leaning across the table is peering with all his eyes to detect whether the two balls are in contact. A very serious question, for, if so, the billiard balls must be replaced in balk as at the beginning of the game. You may imagine the interest with which the adversary watches the old man's investigation. With one hand he clutches the cushion, with the other he grasps his cue, and he too leans forward waiting for the sentence to be pronounced, but prepared to discuss it, for billiard players are by nature suspicious.

We have seen few pictures of daily life more thoroughly satisfactory than this. Something tells me that prints from it will be hung in every *café* in France, where they will advantageously take the place of the gaudy prints of Epinal, or the coarse chromo-lithographs which seem to satisfy the artistic requirements of a tavern-keeper. Does it not strike you, now, that some good might be gained by studying the question of how to popularize works suited to the popular taste, and so introduce the lower classes to matters of art by placing before them, in the first instance, subjects which they are capable of understanding. I remember, not long since, seeing in an inn in Flanders a series of pretentious and atrociously bad photographs reproducing pictures of so-called sacred subjects. This was indeed a case of *Non erat hic locus*. Especially when we remember that I was in the native land of Teniers, a painter easy enough of comprehension, and whose works might soon be popularized by means of the endless processes of reproduction now at our command.

When speaking of the Salon of the Champs-Elysées I announced my reserve as to all patriotic pictures: but I remarked nevertheless, as

an exception, on the merits of a picture which, without any silly chauvinism, gave expression to sentiments dear to every Frenchman. It was that of a toast to France at a banquet on the 14th of July, in Alsace. M. Berg, in a subject somewhat akin to the former one, has likewise succeeded in avoiding the rock in question. Alsace again is the theme. A woman of the valiant province, dressed in black, and wearing the familiar cap and bow, is standing at the foot of the steps in the Tuileries Gardens. She carries a child in her arms, while another, a boy of five or six, has climbed one of the flights. This child, who is dressed as a soldier, presents arms to a regiment marching past, at the top, in the Rue de Rivoli. The whole composition has an admirable tone of sobriety, and it is impossible to praise too highly the expression of the mother's face, and the dignity of her attitude which is not in the least theatrical.

The painter of this remarkable work is not a Frenchman. The catalogue tells us that he was born at Amsterdam; still we feel that he is by adoption our fellow-countryman, when we see how he sympathizes with our regrets in the past, with our hopes of rehabilitation in the future.

They have been wandering all day, a balmy spring day, and now, as evening draws on, they have come to the bank of the river—he young and handsome, she young and lovely—the river in which the silver moon will presently be mirrored. Everything in the scene is suggestive of love. The breeze is still, the flowers perfume the air. He clasps her fondly and their lips meet in this deep hush of nature, remote from any intruding gaze; for the houses of the neighboring hamlet are far enough away, on the other shore of the stream.

All the charm you can supply to this idyl, whether borrowed from your own fancy or memory, or from tales you may have read, has been infused by M. Dinet into the picture which he calls "Evening," and which even the elders, to whom such things are now but vanity, admire for its penetrating sentiment and poetry.

Who was in the right and who in the wrong at the beginning of the

"Wagoners' Quarrel" depicted by M. Muenier? The secret remains with God. All we can discover, till halting justice shall leave her investigating traces on this lonely road, is a man lying on the ground, motionless from a mortal blow. A few paces away stands the murderer, his clenched hand still clutching the blood-stained knife.

Again, how did the squabble begin? Was it about a woman? Probably not, or the artist would have shown us on the road some Helen of the country highway, so that we might not in vain have "sought the woman." The most probable hypothesis is, that one of these wagoners did the other to death simply because that other would not make way, or refused to pay for his pint at the corner wine-shop. "Men have died and worms have eaten them" for slighter causes.

M. Muenier has made excellent use of this cheerless subject. He has achieved being dramatic without exaggeration, and at the same time has given us a fine bit of painting, which is always to the good.

Still more dismal, if possible, is the subject selected by M. Hagborg.

Joan Berg

This artist, who is a Norwegian, has generally been bent, like all his fellow-countrymen who are painters, on representing on canvas the magnificent scenery of his own land: but he has, this year, torn himself away from his native fiords to depict a "Funeral in Normandy."

He will not repent of this faithlessness to his beloved Scandinavia, for the composition before us places him at once in the very first rank. And I do not praise this work solely for the perfect art with which the painter has grouped all the details of the funeral ceremony, the transfer of the body from the house of death, while the priest and the choir boys stand apart on the high road; what especially strikes me as full of truth, is the physiognomy of the peasants, who in their Sunday array, lend a hand in bearing the deceased to his last resting-place. All the typical character of the peasant of lower Normandy, is here brought into relief with astonishing sincerity. It is a perfect illustration of the various tales by the lamented Maupassant, in which the principal actors are natives of Normandy, where, indeed, he himself was born.

Another son of the Far North, M. Edelfelt, a Finlander, has, like M. Hagborg, taken a subject which is by no means peculiarly arctic. He shows us a room full of women ironing, and has made the most of it. This has not, however, hindered M. Edelfelt from sending this year to the Champ de Mars some works which are somewhat more suggestive of the North Pole than a laundress's workshop can be. Besides two figure subjects, "Finnish women singing a magic chant," and "Lamentations," he exhibits a very interesting landscape called "A December day in Finland." Finland in summer time is indeed a regular part of the programme for the tourist in Russia; but no sooner has he reached the shores of one of the wonderful lakes of that land, than the natives are certain to tell him: "Come here again in winter. You have seen nothing of this country till you see it under ice." M. Edelfelt's brush will spare you the pains of a visit to Finland during a frost, for he gives us here a vivid, I might almost say a photographic, impression, which we feel to be truthful, of the aspect of Finland in winter. Let us be doubly grateful to him.

A Frenchman, M. Dumoulin, has not gone quite so far as Finland. His lucky star having led him to Cronstadt at the time of the famous demonstration, he remained in Russia. We need not complain, for in the first place we have to thank him for a very fine picture representing the naval squadron commanded by Admiral Gervais, and secondly, for some very pretty views of St. Petersburg, among them one, the "Square of Saint Isaac," with the fine Byzantine church that dominates it, and the Moïka canal, at about eleven o'clock at night, at the end of May; an hour when, in those northern latitudes, you may read your newspaper without a candle or lamp.

Do you remember the *Journal of Marie Baschkirtseff,* which, on its publication, caused such a sensation? It was the entire revelation of an enthusiastic and virginal soul, of an artist expressing herself in those hasty memoranda, which acquired an inestimable value in the eyes of the friends and admirers from whose affection the young creature was too early snatched.

In several of her diary notes, Mademoiselle Baschkirtseff speaks of her first attempts at painting, and the companions she made acquaintance with at the studio. Some of these young ladies left but a transient impression on her mind. But one day she mentions in her journal a new competitor whose talent already shows more than promise. She forthwith fumes and frets, and is almost angry with the new-comer. Oh! this Breslau; she will be the chief and head of the atelier, and she herself, Marie, will be thrust into the background. But her indignation is soon burnt out; Marie Baschkirtseff could not hate anyone. On the contrary, her brief droll wrath is but a form of homage paid to Mademoiselle Breslau's talent, to which she emphatically refers in other significant passages of her diary. Again and again she writes: "She will be a success."

Well, Mademoiselle Breslau has not proved unworthy of the high opinion and emulation of poor Marie Baschkirtseff. The many successes she has achieved since she first exhibited at the Salon bear ample witness to her talent, and this year, more than ever, she has

proved herself deserving of the young Russian girl's prophetic judgment. There are three pictures by her at the Champ de Mars, in different styles, but all of indisputable merit. A "Portrait of

Dr. Gabole," "The little red-haired Maid," and "After the game."

This last work is full of freshness and grace. Two young girls, one dark and one fair, are having a well-earned rest after a set at lawn-tennis. Their rackets lie idle now on the ground. By their side is a basket of fruit, off which they will lunch presently. For the moment the fair one is stretched at full length on the grass, her head resting on the knees of the darker sister, who looks down on her with motherly eyes. They both are charming in their unconscious grace; but we may be allowed to give the palm to the fair one, whose expression and smile have an indescribable ideal sweetness beyond all praise.

It is a noteworthy fact that Norwegian painters, when they do not

remain faithful to their native lakes and mountains, are fond of studying familiar things, and the domestic life of the humbler classes. Thus a worthy pendant to M. Hagborg's "Funeral in Normandy," of which we have already spoken, is to be found in M. Salmson's picture "The Wedding-gown."

There is nothing here to remind us of the great dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix. We do not see a swarm of young persons crowding round the future bride to put the finishing touches to the man-milliner's divine "creation," so as to achieve an effect which, on the great day, may bewilder the bride's relations and friends. M. Salmson's bride-elect will not marry some brilliant and titled officer, as we may judge from the modest aspect of her little room, where another young girl, her sister no doubt, is kneeling to set a last stitch in the wedding-gown. Beyond, an old woman, seated in a chair, superintends the performance, giving advice as a married woman of at least half a century's experience. A little brother of four or five years sits huddled up on a chair, watching with admiration, discreet enough to be silent, drinking in with his eyes the symphony in white, and stamping on his mind, to be remembered for many years, every detail of the raiment in which his little sister will still seem to have been so lovely.

As to that little sister, I will wish her in the first place in due accordance with the happy endings of the fairy tales, a large family of children; and secondly, since it is a very fine thing, as Musset says, to have even one, I wish that in that case her only child may be, as a specimen baby, a match for the one represented by M. Dinet, in his picture called "Portraits." A masterpiece of sweet babyhood is this chubby little boy, with round cheeks only waiting to be kissed, as he lies at full length on the back of a noble Newfoundland dog.

With Mr. Dannat we find ourselves in Spain. The artist seems to be deeply attached to the country whence Christopher Columbus embarked to discover the New World. It is indeed, a filial devotion, since Mr. Dannat is an American. We may add that the artist need not repent of having paid such homage to Spain, for the six pictures

HUGO SALMSON

he has exhibited, all of Spanish subjects, lend a pleasant note of cheerfulness to the wall where they hang.

One of the most admired of the six is that entitled "Panaderos" with a second title of "Flamenca, a dance." We feel that it is truth itself, drawn from life. The two women in the foreground, undulating and coiling, one with her arms almost turned backwards, while the other stands on tiptoe, and looking at each other with a smile of defiance, cannot fail to impress anyone who has seen Spanish dancing, as startling in its truth to life. The gallery of spectators and the other dancing girls, seated on a bench and clapping their hands in accompaniment to their monotonous song, are not less singular and worthy of study. All these women stand out from the canvas to shout the famous cry of *Olle! Olle!* by which they excite themselves even when they fail to carry away others. And not less real, in their intentionally violent contrasts, are the dresses, in which every hue of the rainbow clashes under a sky which remains unchangingly of one color, a relentless blue.

If, after seeing this picture, you can still doubt the truth of the adage: "The East begins in Spain," either you can have no native sense of the laws of ethnography, or you have forgotten the six centuries of the Moors' sojourn in Spain, the land where they have left, as traces of their conquest, the marvels of Granada and Cordova.

And here is another painter, whose name again has an Anglo-Saxon sound, Mr. Swan, who invites us to cross the straits of Gibraltar and find ourselves in Africa. We will follow him in this tempting excursion, and shall have no reason to regret it, provided only that we keep at a respectful distance, for Mr. Swan conducts us directly up to two magnificent panthers crouching to drink at a clear spring. These two fierce beasts are really terrible to behold, though we might dream of using their skins for two lovely rugs, if we were confident of both barrels of our choke-bore. I would especially direct your attention to their grin as they lap up the water, which would hardly suggest to you the idea of venturing to trouble their drink, as worthy La Fontaine has it.

Before quitting the African shore let us glance at the "Simoom," by M. Girardet, which gives us a no less truthful glimpse of eastern life and landscape. The horsemen have just passed the last fringe of palm-trees bordering the oasis, and have started to cross the desert. Suddenly the cry is heard : "The Simoom!" and forthwith a merciless, whirling cloud of sand has engulfed man and beast. A few bold spirits still try to resist the storm, but the greater number of them have made their horses and camels lie down, sheltering themselves under the lee of the beasts from the worst fury of the hurricane. As to those who persist in sitting upright on their camels, they are not to be pitied if the simoom overwhelms them for ever. The woman we see huddled up and praying, is no doubt interceding for them, that they may enter into the Paradise of Mahomet.

* * *

"The swan, as he dies, sees a vision of heaven." This line of Lamartine's, founded on a tradition as pathetic as it is improbable, has inspired M. Simons to paint a composition lofty in sentiment and highly poetical. A girl robed in white has just ceased singing her last song on earth, accompanying herself on the piano. She has sunk back dying in the arms of a sister or friend, who can hardly support her. The singer's eyes are fixed on vacancy, on the infinite. She "as she dies has a vision of heaven," with its myrmidons of angels and seraphs, in that ecstasy of musical souls, to whom Paradise appears as a realm where divine harmonies sound on invisible harps. In the foreground, to emphasize the allegory, some swans are floating gently down a clear pool bordered with many tinted flowers.

The apostles of realism at any price may sniff at M. Simons' "Swan-Song" as false in style and feeling. But this would be but one more proof of their illiberal taste; for surely freedom of choice in such matters must be one of the first conditions of art; and are not those realists who condemn for its idealism a book they have not seen, as unjustly exclusive as the classicists of a past date, whom they very

Eugène Girardet

rightly blamed for their determined proscription of the realistic in painting.

* * *

The noble sport of archery has but few adepts in these practical times. To be sure, it is hard to see of what service the bow could be as a weapon, six thousand years after the day when the valiant Achilles was so unpleasantly pierced by an arrow in the heel. The sport, in short, is monstrous stale. Chivalrous though our colonial army may be, it would hardly consent to exchange its rifles for bows and arrows when fighting with the Niam-Niams or Toukouleurs, as a means of making the odds more equal for such barbarians as against ourselves.

But this should, perhaps, be an additional reason in our eyes for respecting antique usage, and welcoming those venerable adherents to tradition who, to this day, style themselves The Knights of the Bow, in our pleasant land of France. By all means; all hail to these peaceable survivals, who exercise themselves so zealously with a weapon which they do not expect to kill even a partridge or a hare, a weapon which nowadays never draws blood. A circumstance which lends a value to the bow in the eyes of lovers of literature is that archery was the favorite exercise of the well-known French writer Mérimée. A glade is still shown, in the neighborhood of Cannes,

where the author of *Matteo Falcone* was wont to take his stand, and aim his arrows at the trees skirting the plain. Two old Englishwomen, his self-constituted aides de camp, picked up his arrows and scored his hits. Mérimée soon excelled in this pastime, at once so harmless and so healthful. The only mistake he made was to try to initiate Victor Cousin, the clumsiest of mortals; and he, the first time he drew the bow-string, as he aimed at a palm-tree, only just missed the eye of a lawyer who happened to be passing.

M. Moreau-Nélaton has restored the bow to its rights and privileges in the realm of art. If you study his "Knights of Villeneuve-sur-Fère" with due attention, you cannot fail to regret that Mérimée is not by your side to admire the skill with which the artist has caught the expression of all these fine fellows, whose recreation in a life of toil consists in sending an arrow fairly out of sight. The "Knights," sitting round a table, with their treasured weapons in their hands, are good to see in their stalwart forms, the development of their muscles showing even through their thick Sunday coats. Especially to be noted are two elders in the foreground, of whom the older has only a stick in his hands. This patriarch, as we can see, is no longer able to wield, like the others, the weapon which now, no doubt, would only send the *telum imbelle sine ictu* of old Entellus. And this is what gives so melancholy a look to this Knight of the Bow, who might almost be called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Is M. Moreau-Nélaton really, as I have heard, a relation of the famous surgeon who operated on Garibaldi and successfully extracted a bullet? Be it as it may, we can assert that his brush is handled as firmly as was the great operator's knife.

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Have you ever looked in on a trial in a common police-court? If you are a Parisian, I dare wager you will answer no, for the excellent reason that a townsman is rarely familiar with curiosities of his metropolis. Besides, the general public often imagine a mountain of diffi-

culties to hinder them from getting into the court. They are ready to fancy that lawyers alone find admittance, and you constantly hear people say: "We should be only too glad to be present at amusing trials, but we should have to wear a lawyer's gown to get in, much more to get a good seat, and we do not like playing such mean tricks."

Well, anyone not bent on witnessing a highly sensational trial, who will be satisfied with studying the faces of those interested in an ordinary police case, can get quite easily into the court, and find a comfortable seat while listening to cross questioning and to replies which, if not so entertaining as the *Tribunaux Comiques* by Jules Moinaux, are almost always of interest to the observer.

And it is no less indubitable that a police-trial is a most tempting subject for a painter, for it is necessarily full of variety and gives an opportunity for studying types of the widest dissimilarity. M. Salzedo, who introduces us to one of the halls where petty crimes are tried, shows us neither the bench, nor the seat occupied by the Public Prosecutor. But though he conceals the magistrates, he gives us other aspects of the court, all very interesting and very closely observed. An old lawyer with his cap on, his hand pressed to his brow, is reading a document with the look of bored scepticism which comes of long practice in his profession. On one side of the bar, a younger "brother" has turned with an indifferent air to speak to two ladies, curious spectators it would seem, to whom he is explaining the order and method of such a trial, from the preliminary inquiry to the sentence.

Meanwhile a third lawyer, whom the artist has boldly placed in the dock reserved for the accused on trial, is making a speech. He stands with his hand outstretched and open, as though to offer his arguments to the bench of magistrates, who, as has been said, are not visible in the picture. Behind him stands the prisoner, scornful, with his arms crossed. We can almost see on his lips the reply attributed to a criminal of his kidney, who was asked after the speech for the defence

whether he had anything to add on his own behalf, and who besought the indulgence of the Bench for his counsel. In the court are the witnesses who have given their evidence, and, behind them, the public crowd against the bar. This crowd in M. Salzedo's picture is essentially respectable. The artist, no doubt, lacked space to introduce a few of the horrible roughs who frequent police-courts, less for the sake of warmth in winter than to exchange signals with the accused. Their absence, however, will not detract from the tribute of praise due to the ability with which the painter has rendered so many other types, not forgetting his capital and impassible *gendarme*, whose cocked hat is conspicuous at the end of the seat for the prisoners.

There can be no doubt that Buffalo Bill's show at Neuilly, during the Exhibition of 1889, was one of the greatest attractions of that "World's Fair." Who does not remember the ardent curiosity with which the Paris public lined the streets and devoured with their eyes those strange Redskins, dressed in particolored stripes, who gazed with an air of such bland stupidity at our buildings and our shops?

M. Ulysse Checa, however, had no need to appeal to the memories that survive in us of Buffalo Bill, to excite the interest of connoisseurs in the Red Indians he displays to us at the Champ de Mars. His work is of itself enough to captivate attention. M. Checa, with the natural vehemence of his spirit, shows us the wild men of the West rushing onward and brandishing their tomahawks. The horses rear, some have already fallen, and the human whirlwind sweeps over their prostrate bodies. Old memories of the tales of Fenimore Cooper and of Gustave Aymard rise before us, with the stereotyped phrases which then delighted us: "Ooah! My chief is a great chief. The pale-faces are women, but the Comanches are men. Come and smoke the calumet of peace in my wigwam after burying the war-hatchet." But having made this concession to our schoolboy-days, we can only admire in silence the intense vitality and spirit of the artist who has found

means to give us, by his painting of Red Indians, the same shiver that thrills us at the music of the Valkyries' ride.

* * *

Death and the Woodman, that fable of La Fontaine's, perennially beautiful in its philosophic melancholy, has most happily inspired M. Lhermitte. Bending under the weight of the fagots he has just placed on the ground, and under the burden of years, the poor old laborer, quite worn out, calls on Death. He has had enough of this weary world. He, long before the philosopher who so lately published a book entitled *Is Life worth living?* answered the query in the negative. May he not be forgiven for desiring to die? What joy can life have in store for him? Toil and moil day after day, sweating blood and water to earn enough to give him a few morsels of dry bread. Is that living? And if it is, why then continue to live? Why not invoke the aid of Death, the comforter, the liberator, without even thinking of the Beyond it may entail, or even knowing whether there be a Beyond?

LHERMITTE — *A Reader*

Death appears, and behold our wood-cutter is dismayed! "Here

I am," she says, "what would you have of me?" He is speechless, but the anguish in his face betrays how much he would regret being taken at his word by the terrible Divinity. The poor laborer repents of having appealed to her for help. He thinks that Life *is* worth living. And between ourselves I strongly suspect that the philosopher of whom we just now spoke would be of the same mind if he found Death waiting for him round the next corner.

It is not that she wears a form of fear or appears as a bugbear, this funereal Deity; M. Lhermitte has been happily inspired not to represent her in all her classic hideousness. By means of a veil he has softened all hardness of feature and more or less shrouded the skeleton; but it is Death all the same; and even if it were to come with all the blandishments of a siren, the most wretched of human beings would echo the cry of André Chénier's young captive:

"O Death, thou canst wait; depart, depart from me."

* * *

A painter whose progress has been steadily marked, till, stage after stage, he has reached the highest point of mastery as an artist, is M. René Billotte. If M. Jean Béraud is the self-appointed painter-in-ordinary of elegant folk, M. René Billotte aims at the faithful and conscientious reproduction of that humble and unconspicuous side of Paris, where, as Sunday comes round, the shopkeeper of Montrouge—dear to M. François Coppée—takes his pleasure with his family. No one indeed could more successfully than M. Billotte illustrate the studies of modest domestic life in Paris which we owe to the author of *Le Passant*. These two subtle souls are tempered to sympathy, for each has that rare touch of originality which brings to light the intense and penetrating poetry of what seems the most prosaic thing in the world, the starved and dingy grass slopes of the fortifications round Paris, and the crowd of small shopkeepers who swarm there on Sundays and holidays.

Let us, however, hasten to add that M. Billotte's brush has nothing

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exclusive about it. This year, for instance, though he has once more painted a Paris suburb, it is under the poetical aspect given by the hues of evening twilight; the other pictures he exhibits may be more legitimately designated as high art than many others that aspire to the name. It will suffice to mention "Evening mists (Notre-Dame)," and "A Marsh in the Landes at sunset."

To discuss the Salon at the Champ de Mars without saying something of the principal portraits would be no less than a wilful sin of omission; but unfortunately our space is limited, and we can but glance as we pass at the pictures exhibited by MM. Mathey, Friant, Weerts and many more, in front of which crowds collect day after day, rarely to express anything but admiration. I regret such necessary haste all the more when I call to mind the pictures contributed by those two past-masters Carolus-Duran and Gervex.

Among other works in which he excels himself in perfection of technique, M. Carolus-Duran sends three portraits of well-known men, M. Arsène Houssaye, M. Edmond Guillaume, architect to the Louvre, and M. Widor, the excellent musician. It is impossible to decide which of these three pictures deserves the palm. M. Arsène Houssaye, the amiable patriarch whom we all know, has, in the course of his career, had numerous opportunities of being painted by the many artists with whom he has come into contact. The exhibition opened in the Rue de Sèze by French journalists and authors bears ample witness to the fact. Well, M. Houssaye said quite lately in my hearing, that a general likeness had never been so well hit as in this last portrait of him. "It is not that it flatters me," he added with a smile. "But at my age what can flatter me?

As to M. Gervex, he has, if possible, surpassed himself. He has sent, among other portraits, one of Madame Gervex which shows very clearly that his talent has lost nothing by his marriage.

We cannot decently quit the exhibition in the Champ de Mars, without addressing a cordial P.P.C. to the committee of selection which has admitted so many works of mark in one way or another; and I

know no better way of thanking them than by saying a few words about the works exhibited by those who were called upon to decide on the contributions of others.

This will not, however, take up much time, since, among the members of the committee of selection, some figure to whose exhibited works we have paid our respects on the way, beginning with the President, M. Roll, the happy author of "The Centenary," and going on to MM. Dinet, Salmson, Edelfelt and Blanche.

What first strikes us in reading down the list of the committee-men is the large foreign element. Though M. Roll and M. Jean Béraud, the President and Vice-President, are good Frenchmen born, we find no less than eight painters of foreign origin out of eighteen constituting the whole number. That is to say one Belgian, M. Courtens, two Germans, MM. Stetten and Liebermann, two Scandinavians, MM. Salmson and Edelfelt, and one Turkish subject, M. Zacharian.

This proportion represents with mathematical exactitude that of the foreigners who exhibit this year at the Champ de Mars. Never, since the Salons were thrown open to all comers, has so large a number of foreign names figured in a catalogue. Thus a real tower of Babel has risen on the Champ de Mars, within a stone's throw of the Eiffel Tower. We are the last to complain. France has everything to gain by continuing to be the great art educator, and the grand center to which converges every kind of talent that is anxious to be alike productive and produced.

Having said this much by the way, I may affirm that the foreigners of whom I speak do credit, for the most part, to their respective countries. I have already enlarged on the high merits of the works exhibited by MM. Courtens, Salmson and Edelfelt, as well as of those by Mademoiselle Breslau, the secretary to the Committee, who is Swiss by birth. But I am glad to seize this opportunity of saying that the works of the other members of the Committee have been equally successful. The public, even the least knowing in gastronomic matters, relish M. Zacharian's still-life. More than one spectator's mouth has

E. DINET.
- Hériq - 1892 -

watered especially in front of a ham painted by this artist; and we will take good care not to ask whether it is "pig or bacon" for only the most extravagantly short-sighted spectator could make any mistake about it, and much less fail to see the merits of the work.

As to the two painters who represent Germany, we must in the first place compliment the Society of the Champ de Mars on the good feeling which prompted them to admit these gentlemen to sit on the Committee on the same footing as other foreign artists. In fact it needed some courage. Many of our countrymen had not forgotten the vehement discussions to which the famous visit to Paris of the Empress Frederick of Germany gave rise; and they looked with no favor on any attempt at a close union between the Germans and the French on the neutral ground of art. This, in our opinion, was not a healthy view to take of the state of things which resulted from the unhappy war of 1870. The Germans, far from being humiliated by the ostracism to which France intended to condemn them, would have been proud of it. "We are to be banished," they began to say, "then we are feared." And they would have reminded us, with ample evidence on their side, of their anxiety to invite French painters of talent whenever an exhibition of art was opened at Munich or at Berlin.

I was at the German capital two years ago. I visited the exhibition over which, it may be remembered, so much ink had been shed. And I am bound to record that the few pictures contributed by French artists had been hung in a capital light, and that the Berlin press wrote of them in articles at least as laudatory as those on their native artists. Now, if a nation so manifestly inferior to France, so far as art is concerned, in the opinion of all impartial foreigners, can challenge French painters to exhibit and triumph on her own territory, the least we can do on our part is to invite its artists here, in the just conviction, we may assume, that we shall not be the losers. It may even be said that we should play a foolish game if we abstained.

The Paris public, at any rate, has quite understood that we have been less exacting this year than ever, as regards the pictures sent to

the Salon of the Champ de Mars from beyond the Rhine. To tell the truth, France can but be flattered to see that Germany is represented at Paris by the artists held in highest esteem in their own country.

THE SAINT MARGARET

M. Liebermann, a thorough Prussian, born at Berlin, who exhibits the "Orphanage, Amsterdam," is in fact the boast of North Germany, as one of its foremost champions in the lists of painting; while Southern

Germany sings in every key the merits of M. de Stetten and M. de Uhde, the former a Bavarian, the latter a native of Saxony. Though M. de Stetten has so far become an adopted son of Paris that he even entitles one of his pictures "Under the wall of the Louvre," M. de Uhde sends some portraits of children of a strongly marked German type, but of more delicate finish than his models. Still we have not far to look to convince ourselves that we have nothing to fear from foreign rivals. We need only glance rapidly at the various works exhibited by those members of the committee of selection who are Frenchmen. Is it possible to find happier inspiration in "the granite land o'ergrown with oaks" than M. Courant has done in two of his landscapes in Brittany? The "Rocks of Penmarc'k," and the "Trou de l'Enfer." Of these two very dissimilar and characteristic aspects of Lower Brittany, the smiling and verdurous country close to Brest, and the gloomy horror of the Baie des Trépassés or the Pointe du Raz, it is the latter that has most attracted M. Courant's skill, and with exceptional success. In front of his pictures we really feel a pang of terror and pity, for as we look on these appalling granite rocks, on which the sea beats in its fury, we recall all the wild and dismal legends of ancient Armorica, from the tale of the city of Is, that was covered and drowned by the waves, to that which relates how erewhile the fishers of the coast kept watch for shipwrecked wretches, to murder them and share the spoil.

M. Boudin's work is in striking contrast to M. Courant's, and it may here be said that the licence given to the exhibitors at the Champ de Mars to send in, not merely two pictures, but a relatively large number, cannot be said to lead to abuse when it applies to the two artists now under consideration. It has allowed M. Courant to give us a grand and complete idea of the sea of Brittany in its most grave and tragic moods, while M. Boudin shows us the Mediterranean in its most sparkling and sunny aspect, a truly azure coast. In one case only is M. Boudin faithless to his beloved southern sea, when he paints a street view at Saint-Vaast, on the shore of the English Channel. All

his other subjects are taken from that little tract of earthly paradise that lies between Cannes and Villefranche. Particularly attractive and noteworthy are the "View of the Gulf of Juan," and the "Port of Antibes." We feel tempted not to wait till winter to go and drink our fill of blue sky in the country where M. Boudin so lovingly sets his palette.

Two portrait painters sit on the committee of selection, M. Sain, and M. Claude. M. Sain, whose brush is by preference devoted to the fair sex, sends two portraits of young girls, and a little profile of a red-haired model, extremely delicate and poetical in feeling. M. Claude exhibits three portraits of men of ripe age; that of M. Prevet, a deputy to the Chamber, is a very vigorous piece of painting.

Finally the Salon of the Champ de Mars would not be what it proposed to be, an exhibition open to every innovation, nay, to every audacity, if it had not given a seat on the committee of selection to one painter representing the impressionist school. It is M. Sisley who fills this seat. And to speak sincerely, the most bigoted and exclusive devotees of classic art could hardly cry out at the "abomination of desolation" in front of these contributions from the representative of the school they hate. M. Sisley's impressionism has in it nothing, I will not say to shock, but even to startle or amaze the majority of the public. My eyes perhaps have grown accustomed to certain daring effects, and my eyes may be wrong, but in art, as in many other things, we must take our pleasure where we find it, and to me M. Sisley's impressionism is nothing but pleasing.

SCULPTURE

Sculptors are creatures of habit. I have already remarked that they lead for the most part a life, not only of hard work, but of great seclusion.

As a result, the creation of the Champ de Mars was, so to speak, unknown to many sculptors, who have quietly continued to follow the road leading to the Palais de l'Industrie. Others again, have thought it wiser not to drop the meat and snap at the shadow, but to think twice on the contrary, before abandoning the noble garden where Barrias and Dubois, Mercié and Chapu had gathered so many well deserved laurels.

Hence the singular disproportion in the number of works of sculpture exhibited in the two rival Salons. At the Champs-Élysées, the number of plaster casts and finished works in bronze and marble amounts to nearly one thousand. At the Champ de Mars it is only a hundred and thirty-seven. It is but a Salon in miniature.

The question then is, does the quality make up for the lack of quantity? To a certain extent it may be affirmed that it does. Visitors to the Champ de Mars have been especially struck by the merits of the busts exhibited there, and we are happy to echo the praises of such first-rate masterpieces as the medallion portrait of Bastien-Lepage by M. Auguste Rodin, the busts of Auguste Barbier and Mademoiselle Chambon,—a statuette in silver-gilt, by M. Tony Noel, not forgetting three very singular contributions of M. Vernhes. This artist handles wax with amazing delicacy of finger. We particularly noted for admiration two portraits by him of Madame M. and Madame R., exquisitely feminine and graceful.

M. Lenoir's work equally deserves especial mention. Thanks to the facilities afforded by the regulations of the Salon of the Champ de Mars, the artist has been enabled to display his talents under several

various aspects. First we have a statue in marble, "Friendship," intended by Madame Terry to decorate the monument erected at Père Lachaise to the memory of her husband; then we have a series of busts, representing M. Vauthier, an engineer, M. Thaulow, son of the remarkable Norwegian artist, Madame F. T.; and finally Paul Chailley-Bert, grandson of the politician who met a premature death at Tonquin. This last portrait is conceived of and executed in a quite domestic style. The child, dressed only in a little shirt and pinafore, with bare arms, is seated in front of a kind of bowl, in which he is drumming with a wooden spoon. The attitude is delightfully natural and easy.

Here again is a child, or at any rate a little boy, represented by M. Orléans under the name of "Groundsel." You know the familiar cry: "Who'll buy my groundsel for the dicky-birds?" Our sucking costermonger carries a basket on his back, full of this favorite dainty for the canaries and other small fowl who dwell in Paris cages. The youthful trader is making a speaking trumpet of his hand bent to a semicircle, reaching from his chin to the bridge of his nose. The whole is an amusing example of a style of sculpture which is refreshing as a change from more ambitious efforts.

But in my humble opinion, the gem of the show of sculpture at the Champ de Mars is M. de Saint Marceaux's "First Communion."

M. de Saint-Marceaux is an exceptional figure in the class of sculptors. He does not lead the austere, almost gloomy life of which I spoke just now. In the first place he was so lucky as to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth, as the English saying goes, which has given him leisure to work in his own way, and at his own time, while taking full advantage of all the attractions of Paris. As he is a highly intelligent man, as well as an artist of the first order, he has been careful not to allow himself to deteriorate under the thousand and one frivolities of a life of freedom; on the contrary, he has rifled the hive of fashionable Paris of all that he could advantageously assimilate. This has not hindered his utilising his opportunities of improving his

mind by friction against all its finest intellectual culture. Thus he is not only an artist, but a man of letters, I might almost say a poet, as he revealed himself in the famous composition of "A Genius guarding the Secret of the Tomb," by which he won a medal a few years since.

M. de Saint-Marceaux has this year given us a worthy companion to that admirable work. His "First Communion" is simply incomparable. The young girl, kneeling on her *prie-dieu*, waits for the priest to bring her the consecrated wafer; a long veil covers her from head to foot. She kneels motionless, with clasped hands.

What is intensely striking in this work is the expression of the face. The eyes are closed, the lips parted; the child seems lost in beatitude, in infinite ecstasy. We feel that she is filled with faith in its utmost permissible rapture. Observe too, the outline of the face; it is quite that of a believer. This might be some Joan of Arc of twelve, in a state to hear mysterious voices from on high. This statue is simply admirable. I questioned just now whether the quality of the sculpture exhibited at the Champ de Mars made up for the small number of works sent in. M. de Saint-Marceaux's statue is of itself sufficient to justify me in answering in the affirmative more confidently than before.

* * *

Our task is done. It has been a pleasing one, since I have been free to make a selection from among the works exhibited, and to say nothing of those to which only too great benevolence could have granted admission into such goodly and noble company.

But it must not be inferred from the silence with which some of the inferior works exhibited in the Salons have been passed over, that there is not much left yet to be gleaned in the Galleries where I have merely pointed out a few of the more remarkable pictures. The average, in both Salons, is high, genuinely high, far superior indeed to that of the exhibitions opened at the same season of the year in the principal capitals of Europe. The fine works to which I have given

prominence have not more foils than enough. I told you at the beginning of this review, the anecdote of the young man who aspired to be a painter though devoid of the sacred fire, and who was so wise as to return to manufacturing hosiery with his father. Take the total of the two Salons and you will not find one artist in a hundred who could be advised, without unjustifiable ill-nature, to exchange his brush for the wooden measure that serves to tell off yards of yarn.

GASTON JOLLIVET.

A ENFIR. *Paul Gailley sc.*

LIST OF AWARDS

PAINTING

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. F. Roybet.

Second Medals.

MM. P.-J.-M. Saïn, C. de Pochwalski, M. Orange, T. Lessi, C. Dufour, H. Danger, G. Thurner, R. Arus, P. Buffet, P. Thomas, A. Calbet, G.-C. Garaud, A. Bréauté, E. Noirot.

Third Medals.

MM. L. Simonnet, L. Sabon, A. Charpin, D.-L. Saubès, G.-O. Desvallières, M. Mitrecey, C.-J. Duvent, P. Blanchard, H.-L.-M. Pinta, P.-A. Laurens, J.-J. Enders, E. Pail, A.-C. Wallet, J. Sorolla-Bastida, P. de Bengy, P. Jobert, E. Maillard, F.-H.-E. Morisset, J.-G. Bondoux, G. Washington, F. Le Quesne, E.-E. Leménorel, A.-H.-L. de Clermont, C.-H. Desmarquais, M. Carl-Rosa, J. Massé, A.-A. Balouzet.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. C.-H. André, D.-F. Robinson, A.-J. Chantron, M. Calderini, F.-M. Du Mond, Stiévenard, J. Leempoels, Mlle M. Abran, Mme E. Sonrel, MM. H.-J. Guinier, W. Geets, P.-E. Stretton, Miss M.-H. Carlisle, MM. A. Altson, G. Bussière, P. Biva, Mlle L. Le Roux, MM. G.-M.-J. Girardot, E. Larock, G.-P. Dutriac, P. Legrand, Mme F. Vallet, M. H.-A. Duhem, Mme M. Jourdier, MM. J. Adler, H. Rovel, Mrs. A. Mac-Ritchie, MM. H.-V. Thiroux, E. Rousseau, Mme M.-G. Duhem, MM. J. Sattler, L.-E.-J. Dambeza, C. Apoil, F. Cachoud, H.-C. Renard-Brault, J. Fraser, T. David, A.-E.-V. Bisson, J.-B. Artigue, J.-J. Beauguin, A. Braut.

SCULPTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. F.-M. Charpentier.

First Medals.

MM. R.-F. Larche, J.-J. Labatut. *Engraving medals:* M. G. Tonnellier.

Second Medals.

MM. A. Peène, E.-J. Boverie, P. Gasq, G.-E. Saulo, H.-A. Fouques, L. Holweck, A. Larroux. *Engraving medals:* H. Dubois.

Third Medals.

MM. E. Fontaine, E. Depléchin, G. Bareau, J. Caussé, L. Dürnbauer, J.-A. Bernard, H. Godet, J. Balloni, M. Bouval. *Engraving on gems:* B. Hildebrand.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. F.-A. Desruelles, C.-L.-E. Virion, L. Bernstein-Sinayeff, B. Mackennal, R. de Gontaut-Biron, L. Saint-Lanne, P. Canonica, E. Liénard, Mme J. Nejberg, MM. A. Ebbe, D. Barcet, H. Lefebvre, F. Hamar, V. Boudet, D. Trentacoste, H. Weigèle, L. Soliva, C.-A. Thomsen, A. Riffard, E. Lebas, G.-J. Pelgrim, J.-B. Champeil, Mme A. Kjellberg, MM. T.-J. Sporrer, H.-E. Croizet, P.-C.-A. Lemarquier, M.-G.-A. Cte du Passage, J. Vallet, Mme C.-M. Benedicks-Bruce, MM. S. Gonzalès, E.-L.-M. Jespers, V. Bocchino, A. Marzolff, J. Lavergne, H.-B. Feinberg. *Engraving medals, gems, works of art:* MM. J. Callot, G. Dupré, E.-R. Ledevin, G.-A. Lambert, A. Clau, A. Vibert, F. Deschamps.

ARCHITECTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. A.-A. Defrasse.

First Medal.

M. E. Camut.

Second Medals.

MM. J. Godefroy et E. Bauhain, E. Bauhain et J. Godefroy, A.-E.-H. Nodet, P. Normand, P.-E. Bobin.

Third Medals.

MM. A.-G. Rives, P.-J. Bernard, C.-E. Naudin, H. Petit, P.-E.-J. Héneux G. Majou, L.-J. Yperman.

"Mentions Honorables"

MM. Antoine et Arfvidson, Arfvidson et Antoine, J.-F. Ballé, R. Binet, R.-M. Boisseau, F.-E.-L. Boutron, C. Chaussepied, C. Cravio, F.-E.-C. Delmas, V. Desbois, J.-E.-A. Eschbaecher, L.-J. Fortier, A. Koch, H.-J.-L. Le Grand, J.-B.-C.-E. Malo, H. Mignan, G.-D. Massa et A.-L. Henry, A.-L. Henry et G.-D. Massa, P. de Monclos, A. Monjauze, F. Mouré, A. Pillette.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY

"Médaille d'Honneur"

M. A.-L. Lamotte.

Second Medals.

MM. E. Corpet, P.-A. Audebert *(lithography)*; E.-L. Derbier, F.-G. Vintraut, L. Ruffe *(wood engraving)*.

Third Medals.

MM. J. Léonard, C.-P.-F. Richard, E. David *(lithography)*; J. Gilardi *(wood engraving)*; E.-A. Rudaux, G.-L. Pélicier *(etching)*; E. Buland, W. Barbotin, L.-I. Journot *(line engraving)*.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. F. de Vuillefroy, A.-A. Georges-Sauvage, M.-E. Honer, E. Juillerat, F.-L. Gottlob *(lithography)*; L.-E. Vincent, E.-F. Crosbie, F.-C. Horrie, Mlle J. Vintraut, Mme C. Simon *(wood engraving)*; MM. C.-T. Bernier, P. Mallet, J.-A. Marlé, B.-J.-A. de Beaupré, G. Serrier *(etching)*; A. Krüger, A. Crauk, J.-B.-A. Ragot, Mlle R. Mairau, M. G.-P. Quidor *(line engraving)*.

Prix Marie Bashkirtseff.

Mlle L. Le Roux.

Prix de Raigecourt-Goyon.

M. R. Allègre.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE

PAINTING

MM. Adler (J.)	*The Street.*
Allègre (R.)	*Marseilles; summer morning.*
André (C.-H.)	*Effect of snow at sunset.*
Bach (A.-E.)	*After Mass (Brittany).*
Bellel (J.-J.)	*The Road from El-Kantara to Biskra (Algeria).*
Billotte (R.)	*The Fortifications of Paris; evening.*
Binet (V.-J.-B.-B.)	*By the Farm-house; autumn.*
Blache (P.-C.)	*Window-gardening; evening.*
Bompard (M.)	*Three o'clock prayer; Salat-el-Asser (scene of Arab life).*
Braut (A.)	*Portrait of the Artist's mother.*
Breslau (Mlle M.-L.-C.)	*Young girls.*
Brouillet (A.)	*At home.*
Brunet (J.)	*The last wail of Christ.*
Buffet (P.)	*The temptation of Christ.*
Carolus-Duran (E.-A.)	*An evening in the Oise.*
Costeau (G.)	*Disused well.*
Cottet (C.)	*Evening shadows (Port of Camaret).*
Dagnaux (A.)	*Winter (1893).*
Denduyts (G.)	*Woodcutters.*
Dessar (L.-P.)	*Clotilde.*
Duvent (C.-J.)	*Evening.*
Edelfelt (A.)	*A December day (Finland).*
Fath (R.-M.)	*Anglers in the Ile Saint-Martin, at Bezons (Seine-et-Oise).*
Gagliardini (J.-G.)	*Noon (Provence).*
Gautier (A.)	*Away from town.*
Geoffroy (J.)	*Humble folk at prayer.*
Girardot (L.-A.)	*Fortunata.*
Gosselin (A.)	*In the thicket; morning.*
Gros (A.)	*The river Doubs at Charbonnière.*
Guillemet (J.-B.-A.)	*Carrieres; Charenton.*
Guinier (H.-J.)	*A little country-girl.*
Harrison (A.)	*Sea-piece; moonlight.*
Henner (J.-J.)	*Woman asleep.*
Hugues	*The Fountain Muse.*
Jolyet (P.)	*Reading.*
Laurens (J.-P.)	*St. Chrysostom.*
Laurent-Gsell (L.)	*M. Pasteur's Jubilee.*
Lematte (J.-F.-F.)	*Decorative Panel.*
Lepere (L.-A.)	*Twilight.*
Le Poittevin (L.)	*September morning; Vernonnet (Eure).*
Le Roux (C.)	*Pancakes.*
Le Sénéchal de Kerdrioret (G.-E.)	*Fishing-boats in the Bay of Cancale (sunset).*
Lévy (H.-L.)	*Dead Christ.*
Lhermitte (L.-A.)	*Death and the Woodman.*
Loir (L.)	*Embarking; twilight.*
Marais (A.)	*Pasture land (Touques Valley).*
Marec (V.)	*Cabmen.*
Martin (H.-J.-G)	*Troubadours.*
Maugendre-Villers	*"Patriæ Stella".*
Ménard (E.-R.)	*The Flock.*
Montenard	*Dust.*
Muenier (J.-A.)	*Villefranche; twilight.*

MM. NOBILLET (A.-M.) . . . . . *The Iris pool.*
OLIVE (J.-B.) . . . . . *Villefranche ; evening.*
ORANGE (M. . . . . *The Defenders of Saragoza, 1809.*
POINTELIN (A.-E.) . . . . . *Jura hills from the plain.*
RACHOU (H. . . . . *Meditation.*
RENAN (A.) . . . . . *Sappho.*
RENOUF (E. . . . . *Morning mist ; weighing anchor.*
ROLL (A.-P. . . . . *The Centenary of the Republic.*
SAIN (E.) . . . . . *A Family.*
SCHOMMER (F.) . . . . . *Visit of the President of the Republic to Boulogne.*
SIMON (L.) . . . . . *"Fin de séance."*
SIMMONET (L.) . . . . . *Ville d'Avray under snow.*
SOUZA-PINTO (A.-C. DE) . . . *Fireside.*
STENGELIN (A.) . . . . . *Sunny mist.*
THIOLLET (A.) . . . . . *Banks of the Seine.*
VALADON (J.-E.) . . . . . *Eternal Rest.*
VAN ELVEN (P.) . . . . . *Venice ; a rainy day.*
WENTWORTH (Mme C.-E.) . . . *Faith.*
YARZ (E.) . . . . . *Twilight.*

SCULPTURE

MM. ASTRUC (Z.) . . . . . *The Monk*, marble statue.
BARRIAS (E.-L.) . . . . . *Nature unveils before Science*, marble statue.
CARLIER (N.-E.-J.) . . . . . *Madame Roland*, marble statue.
CHARPENTIER (F.-M.) . . . . *Wrestlers*, marble group.
CORNU (V.) . . . . . *Twilight*, marble statue.
COUTAN (J.) . . . . . *Calligraphy*, marble statue.
DAMPT (J.) . . . . . *Grandmother's kiss*, a study (marble).
GASQ (P.) . . . . . *Hero and Leander*, plaster bas-relief.
GAUQUIÉ (H.-D.) . . . . . *Marguerite d'Angoulême*, marble statue.
LEMAIRE (H.) . . . . . *Venus*, marble group.
FAGEL (L.) . . . . . *Chevreul*, marble bust.
FONTAINE (E.) . . . . . *"A l'eau, Porthos!"* marble group.
JACQUOT (C.) . . . . . *"Ad Patriam,"* plaster group.
LECOURTIER (P.) . . . . . *Dogs*, plaster group.
LEFÈVRE (C.) . . . . . *Happiness*, plaster group.
LOISEAU-BAILLY (G.) . . . . *Farewell*, marble group.
MORICE (L.) . . . . . *Claude Bernard*, marble bust.
PEÈNE (A.) . . . . . *Madeleine*, marble statue.
PILET (L.) . . . . . *Flora*, marble statue.
PUECH (D.) . . . . . *Madame M.*, marble bust.
SAULO (G.-E.) . . . . . *The Awakening*, marble statue.

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